

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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Price SIX Cents

TWENTY YEARS ON AN ISLAND;

OR, THE STORY OF A CASTAWAY.

By CAPT. THO'S H. WILSON. AND OTHER STORIES



Every savage struck his forehead on the sand, and raised his hands above his head. "By the great serpent, but they are the worst scared lot I ever saw in my life." And Philip touched the nearest one with his foot.

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OR

THE STORY OF A CASTAWAY

By CAPTAIN THOMAS H. WILSON

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN IN THE CLOAK.

On a cold, frosty November night, some five-and-twenty years ago, a tall man in a dark cloak entered a well-known dance house in one of the lower streets of New York City, and took a position where he could see all that was going on without himself attracting any particular attention.

But unlike the others present, he seemed particularly desirous of concealing his features from being seen, drawing his hat well down over his eyes and his coat collar up about his ears.

Only the barkeeper noticed him, and he, from a bitter past experience, said nothing to him, believing him to be a detective in disguise in search of some law-breaker.

But the man in the cloak sat there nearly an hour watching from under the broad brim of a slouch hat the mad revelers.

He seemed to take no notice whatever of the broken wrecks of women who mingled so freely among the inmates of the place. But the half-drunken sailors appeared to interest him, as he kept his eye on several that passed near where he was sitting.

One burly tar in particular seemed to attract his particular attention, as he followed him with his watchful eyes wherever he went.

He seemed half drunk, and a stout, brazen-faced woman appeared to be anxious to make him drunker still, as she kept asking him every few minutes to treat her.

The man in the cloak noticed that the woman gave the barkeeper a signal every time they approached the bar, and that the mixer of the drinks gave her a harmless potation while plying the sailor with the strongest liquor he had.

Suddenly the sailor discovered that he had been robbed of his money, as he could not find a cent in his pockets with which to pay for the last drinks the woman had called for.

The barkeeper looked incredulous, saying:

"That won't go down here, Jack."

"Great Neptune!" exclaimed the sailor, "you saw me have money in my flipper when on deck just now."

"Yes, but what did you do with it?" sneeringly asked the barkeeper.

"Some blasted pirate has been in my locker!" angrily exclaimed the tar, suddenly sobered by his loss, for he had been paid off only the day before, and had quite a snug sum in his pocket when he entered the place.

The woman, without uttering a word, turned on her heels and joined the dancers in another part of the room, leaving the victim standing by the bar trying to recover his confused senses.

"Pay for the drinks!" demanded the barkeeper.

"Can't do it, cap'n. The locker's empty," responded the sailor.

"Then get out of here—out with you," and two assistants started to lay hands on him for the purpose of putting him out of the place.

The burly son of the sea at once cleared his deck for ac-

tion, and the next moment would have witnessed a collision had not the man in the cloak stepped forward, with:

"Here, let me pay the score. How much is it?"

"Twenty-five cents," responded the bartender, taking the bill the man tendered and giving change in return.

The sailor was astonished.

He looked up at the man, but could see but little of his face.

"Show your binnacle, commodore," he said, "and I'll thank ye."

"Come away from here, friend," whispered the stranger, "or you'll be worse than robbed. This is no place for you."

"Steer the way, commodore, and I'll follow. This port is full of sharks."

The stranger led the way out, and the half-sobered sailor followed him.

Out on the street the man took the sailor's arm and walked him briskly away from the vicinity of the dance house.

"How much money did you lose?" he asked.

"I was paid off yesterday, sir, one hundred and twenty dollars, and now the locker's empty."

"You sailors never seem to learn anything from experience. This isn't the first time you have been robbed in such a place, eh?"

"There's always breakers and sharks in this port, commodore," was the evasive reply.

"Just as I thought. What ship do you belong to?"

"The good ship Aurora," was the reply.

"When will she sail again?"

"In two weeks, sir."

"She will want men, of course, will she not?"

"Ay, sir."

"What position do you hold on board?"

"I'm the bo's'n, sir."

"Oh, you are, eh?"

"Ay, sir."

"Well, then, bo's'n, I've got a young man I want you to take to sea with you when you go, which, if you do, will pay you better than any voyage you ever did."

"Avast there!" growled the sailor. "What ails the lad?"

"Wine and women," replied the man. "They are ruining him. I've tried to persuade him to go to sea, but can't succeed. Now, if you can get him to go to sea with you, I will give you \$1,000 cash before you sail."

"Breakers ahead!" exclaimed the sailor, bewildered by the proposition. "Look out, commodore, don't run me aground."

"No danger of that. I want you to get out into deep water with my young man, and be sure there is no grog aboard."

"Ay—ay, sir, that I will."

"You will do it, then?"

"Ay, sir."

"All right. Give me your hand."

"There's my flipper, sir," and the sailor shook hands with him as heartily as he would that of an old shipmate.

"What is your name?" the man in the cloak asked.

"Ben Bowles, sir."

while ashore this time, I'll make good your loss to-night. Will you do that?"

"Ay—ay, sir, that I will."

"Very well, then; come with me," and he led him toward the City Hall, where they entered a hotel and took a private room.

The stranger then laid aside his hat and cloak, revealing to Bowles a tall, well-preserved man of perhaps fifty years of age, whose iron-gray mustache gave him a half military appearance.

"Now, Bowles," said the man, "I am not going to give you my name to-night. That has nothing to do with the business on hand. I have a nephew who will go to the dogs if he remains in this city any longer. He drinks to excess, though he does not look like a hard drinker, and gambles away his money. If I can get him to go to sea for two or three years on board a vessel where drinking would not be allowed, I think he would be reformed. Now he won't go to sea voluntarily. He hates the sea. But I have heard that seamen are often carried aboard ship just before sailing, dead drunk, and make good sailors after getting out of port."

"Ay—ay, sir; so they do."

"You can do this thing for me for \$1,000, can you?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

Here, then, is the money you lost to-night. You had better remain here at this hotel to-night instead of going back to your ship. I will pay for this room for you two weeks, so you can meet me here. I will see you again to-morrow night, and have the young man with me so you can see him."

Bowles remained at the hotel, and the man drew his cloak about his head and shoulders so as to prevent recognition, and passed out upon the street of the great city.

CHAPTER II.

DRUGGED AND KIDNAPED.

"All that a man hath will he give for his life," repeated the man in the cloak, as he walked across the City Hall Park toward Broadway. "I hold my reputation as dear as my life. Philip Peyton will demand his legacy on the day he is twenty-one years old. To pay it then, would involve me in financial ruin, so that nothing will be left to his sister, who will claim hers in three years. To have the world point the finger of scorn at me, and call me 'thief,' 'defaulter,' and such names, would be worse than death to me. No—no, Philip must be gotten out of the way for two or three years, by which time I shall be able to make millions on the investments I have made. He hates me, but Nellie loves me as a father, for I have been kind and indulgent to her. She would listen to explanations, and wait—wait for years. But not so with him. You must go to sea, Philip Peyton, for two or three years, after which time your fortune will be waiting for you."

The man hailed a carriage, and was driven rapidly up Broadway to Madison Square, where he alighted and walked up Madison avenue to his residence, a handsome four-story, brown-stone house, whose surrounding showed the wealth and social position of its owner.

He entered the house and went direct to his library, where a light was burning low.

Throwing off his cloak, he seated himself before the glowing grate, and gazed intently at the red coals.

"Yes," he muttered, "it is the best and only thing I could do under the circumstances. There are plenty of bad men in this city whom I could have employed to do this thing, but they would have remained to hold me in their power, and thus bleed me like so many remorseless leeches. This sailor will go away on the same ship with him, carrying the secret locked in his own bosom. He would never dare tell Philip that he had a hand in placing him on board the Aurora, so the secret will be safe enough. At the end of the voyage he can come back, and get the last dollar of the legacy left in my hands for him by his father. Yes—yes, I have done a wise thing under all the circumstances, and——"

"Why, guardy, is it you?" cried a sweet, girlish voice, and a radiant young creature, some eighteen summers old, ran into the room and stood by his chair.

"Yes, Nellie; I've just come in," he replied.

"I heard you, but didn't know who it was. Where is Philip?"

"I have not seen him to-night. I presume he went to the theater. You know he does not like me, Nellie."

"No, and I'm so sorry, dear guardy, for you have been a kind father to both of us." And she put her round white arm around his neck, and laid her dimpled cheek close to his. "But Philip is not bad, guardy, and he will appreciate you as I do some day."

"I hope so, Nellie," and he took the fresh young face between his hands and kissed it in a fatherly manner. "You are a dear, good girl, and never give me any trouble. I shall give him his legacy when he reaches his majority, which will be in about three weeks, and then he will be his own master."

"Why, he told me this morning he didn't believe you could pay him the half of it," exclaimed Nellie, in joyful surprise.

"He did!" and the guardian turned pale as he looked at the young ward, whose face he still held between his hands. "Then I hope he has not been so indiscreet as to utter such words to anybody else, for it would be doing me an injustice. He should wait until I fail to do so, and then denounce me."

"Well, don't speak harshly to him. On his birthday I will surrender my trust to him, and then he can do as he pleases."

Nellie then kissed her guardian good-night, and retired to her own apartment, leaving him alone in the library.

"She will tell him my words," he muttered, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, "and that will disarm any suspicion that may be lurking in his mind. It was a lucky thought, and I am glad she came in. She is a fine girl, and would make a good wife. If my investments fail me I'll marry her. I've been a widower for seven years, and I wouldn't mind having a pretty young thing like her for a wife."

He remained in the library for over an hour after his ward had left him, looking over some important papers. He then retired.

At the breakfast table young Philip Peyton asked him in the presence of his sister Nellie:

"I am in pressing need of \$100 to-day, Mr. Thorne. Can you do me the favor of letting me have that much this morning?"

"Certainly, Philip, and more, too, if you really need it," he responded blandly. "I will give you your \$100,000 on your birthday."

"Thank you, I only need \$100 to-day, though if you can double it I would like to have it."

"Oh, yes, of course," and Mr. Thorne finished his breakfast, went into the library, filled out a check for \$200, signed his name to it, and then carried it to him.

"Here's a check for \$200, Philip," he said, handing the young man the check. "Let me caution you again, not to spend your money foolishly, as the largest fortune can dwindle away under constant leakage."

Philip took the check without making any reply, and put it in his pocket.

He had spent money lavishly while at college, and was, therefore, used to lectures on economy from his trustee.

A few minutes later he left the house, taking a downtown stage at Madison Square.

Philip Peyton was no better nor worse than the average wealthy New Yorker. He had his faults—his vices and his virtues; sometimes one and then the other predominated.

Among his acquaintances he was considered a jolly good fellow and had many friends who often indiscreetly led him into convivial excesses.

He it was whom Sidney Thorne had bargained with Ben Bowles, the burly sailor, to carry away to sea for two or three years.

On going downtown, Mr. Thorne called at the hotel and met the stalwart sailor just as he was sallying out on the street.

"Where now, Bowles?" he asked, catching the sailor by the arm.

"Good-morning, commodore!" greeted Ben, saluting him sailor fashion. "I'm going for a little sea-room and some sea hash."

"Is your head clear this morning?"

"Ay, sir, clear as a bell."

"You remember everything that occurred last night, do you?"

"Ay, sir, that I do."

"See your captain to-day, then, and tell him you have secured a good man for the next cruise."

"Ay, sir."

Thorne then went to his office, and Bowles strolled down

to his ship to astonish his captain and first mate by turning up perfectly sober.

He informed them that he had found a good hand to take the place of one of the men who would leave the ship.

"Have him on hand in time, then," said the captain. "We will sail five days sooner than expected, as we have orders to load for Calcutta at once."

"Ay, sir," and Bowles strolled away in search of something to interest him while on shore.

Several sharks attempted to catch him, but remembering his experience of the night before, he steadily refused to drink any liquors whatever.

By this means he kept clear of breakers and sunken rocks ashore, and night found him again at the hotel awaiting the arrival of Sidney Thorne.

Thorne came, and alone.

He did not succeed in getting Philip to go down town with him, as the latter had an engagement to go to the theater.

Not seeing Bowles about he went up to his room and found him there alone, and at once proceeded to unfold to him his plan for getting Philip Peyton on board the Aurora.

"I will see that he has wine to drink before leaving the house that evening," he said. "He will then go out on the street, stagger about like a drunken man, not knowing what he is doing or which way he goes. You and one of your shipmates must—"

"No—no, commodore," interrupted Bowles, quickly. "None of my mates in this mess. I'll tow him aboard. Never fear the bos'n, commodore."

"Very well, then. You understand your business then. Have a sailor's suit ready to put on him, and then run him aboard. He will not come to his senses before morning, when you will be down below the Narrows."

"Ay, sir."

"Take good care of him, Bowles, and you shall receive double pay if he makes a good report of you on his return."

"Ay, sir, that I will."

Time passed on, and the night before the day the Aurora was to sail came.

Philip Peyton was at home at tea, but said he had an engagement to meet a friend at Delmonico's at eight o'clock.

Nellie played and sang for him at the piano, and a servant brought in some wine.

One glass contained a few drops of a whitish liquid, and the other nothing but wine.

A few moments after drinking the wine Philip left the house, and an hour later Mr. Thorne left, wending his way leisurely down town.

Philip Peyton had not gone two blocks from the house when he began to reel and stagger like a drunken man.

"Believe I'm drunk a—hic—gain," he muttered, staggering up against the iron railing of a residence.

"Ship ahoy!" hailed a hearty sailor voice, and the next moment Philip felt himself supported by a pair of strong arms.

"Been sipping your grog, mate?" asked the sailor.

"Little—hic—wine," muttered Philip, still retaining consciousness.

"Come aboard and I'll land you safe enough," and the last thing he recollected was of being assisted along by somebody.

Bowles carried him to a place on the Bowery, where, in a room he had already secured, he undressed him and put on him a new sailor suit complete, putting his watch, money, and cigar case in the pockets of the new suit.

He then hurried him out, and placing him in a carriage, was driven down to the dock where the Aurora lay ready to sail at daylight.

Placing him on board in an empty berth, he hastened back to the hotel to meet Thorne and get his reward.

Thorne was there waiting for him, and in five minutes he was on his way back to the ship with his \$1,000 in his pocket.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORM AT SEA AND THE WRECK.

When he came to himself the next day Philip Peyton was lying in a berth more sick than he ever remembered being before.

He seemed to be rolling in bed without understanding where he was or what ailed him.

"Ah, how sick I am!" he groaned. "I could throw up my very insides! What in the world was it I drank that makes me so sick! Ugh! why, the room turns up sideways. Where the deuce am I, anyway? Why, hanged if I haven't got on a sailor shirt and pants!" and being now thoroughly frightened as well as sick, he sprang up and began to grope around, staggering about with the motions of the ship like any other landlubber would have done under the circumstances.

At last he found his way on deck, and gazed around in the most unfeigned astonishment.

No land was in sight, and the ship was bowling before a good breeze with every yard of canvas spread.

"Well, my man," said the captain, approaching, "have you gotten over your cruise ashore yet?"

"I don't understand you, sir," said Philip. "I never made a cruise in my life, and would like to know where I am now."

Before the captain could make any reply, Philip rushed to the ship's side and yielded to the temptations of the sea, completely emptying his stomach of everything he had drank or eaten during the last three days.

The captain only smiled, and thought the new hand had been dosed with very bad whisky, as was frequently the case with sailors in port after a long voyage, and concluded to let him alone until he was well over it.

"How's your binnacle light now, mate?" Bowles, the bo's'n, asked, coming around where he was after the captain had left him.

"Hang the binnacle light," growled Philip. "I'm sick."

"Take a nip of grog, mate, and lie down again."

"Give me something! Heaven, how sick I am."

The bo's'n mixed him a glass of grog, and then assisted him back to his berth.

He felt better then, and asked the old salt:

"Where am I?"

"On shipboard, mate, bound for Calcutta and the South Sea Islands."

"My heaven! How did I get on board of this ship?"

"You came aboard with me full up to the hatchway with grog."

"I don't remember anything about it," said Philip, trying in vain to jog his memory.

"A man brought you here and said you had signed articles and wanted to go aboard. You were groggy, but I towed you aboard, and here you are."

Philip was thunderstruck.

He had often read of such things, but did not believe the stories, thinking them simply sea yarns.

"Will you please send the captain here?" he finally asked.

"Ay, of course," and Bowles immediately went on deck to the captain and reported to him that the new hand wanted to see him.

"Captain," he said, "how came I on board your ship?"

"You came aboard drunk with the bo's'n last night," replied the captain.

"So he told me just now. Something is wrong here, captain. I never was on board a ship before in my life."

"What! You are not a seaman?" exclaimed the captain, himself astonished.

"No, sir. Never was at sea in my life."

"How came you with those clothes on?"

"I don't know. I left my home last night to meet some friends at Delmonico's; was taken dizzy or ill on the street, and that is all I remember."

"That's very strange," said the captain. "I'll see the bo's'n about it," and forthwith he called the bo's'n to account.

Bowles told a plausible yarn, and led the captain to believe that he had been played upon by some young rascals, as was frequently done by keepers of sailors' boarding-houses in New York and Liverpool.

"We have both been imposed upon," said the captain, "and I am sorry for it. I am short of hands, so you will have to do the best you can till we reach Calcutta, where you can take a steamer for London and thus get back home."

Philip was in despair, but could do nothing.

What could he do?

The bo's'n became his fast friend, and offered to teach

him to be a sailor, and under his instructions he soon became a pretty fair seaman.

But at times he bewailed his misfortune with tears and groans, racking his brain as to whom he was indebted for this sudden switching off of his course.

Weeks and months passed, and Ben and Philip became fast friends.

He would spend hours listening to the old bo's'n's yarns on the watch at night.

The old bo's'n had sailed in the four quarters of the globe, and had seen many strange lands and stranger people, and Philip was never tired of listening.

There was a big, lively Frenchman among the seamen, who, for some unexplained cause, took a strong dislike to Philip, and on several occasions insulted him in nautical phrases that Philip did not comprehend.

But one day the bo's'n resented it, and Philip at once saw that he had been insulted.

"Leave him to me, bo's'n," he said, and with that he took the Frenchman's nose and wrung claret from it.

"Sacre! Diable!" yelled the Frenchman, making a pass at him with his knife.

Philip had stood highest in his class at college with the gloves, dumb bells and foils, so he was more than a match for the enraged Frenchman, whom he laid three times out at full length on deck.

The bo's'n then threatened to report the Frenchman to the captain, and have him put in the hold if he did not at once desist.

He was glad to quit, and Philip at once became a general favorite with the crew.

In the course of time they rounded Cape Horn, and then the Aurora sailed into the limitless waters of the South Pacific Ocean.

Here they were becalmed for many weeks at a time, and then a breeze sprang up that sent them bowling along for several weeks more.

Then they became calmed again, and for days not a ripple broke the mirror-like bosom of the ocean.

Every sail was set to catch any puff of wind that might come, and all hands were wishing for a spanking breeze to send them again careening through the water like a thing of life.

Suddenly the bo's'n piped all hands on deck to furl sail and put the ship in condition to meet rough weather.

Philip was astonished.

Not a cloud was seen.

On the contrary the sun was shining burning hot, and the sky had a brassy look that foreboded anything else but a storm.

But the barometer in the captain's cabin was telling a fearful tale, and the experienced captain lost no time preparing for the worst.

Soon a little harmless-looking black cloud began to rise up in the southeast, and Philip saw the sailors look at it suspiciously.

He was astonished at the growth of that cloud.

It seemed to roll up like a huge black mountain, and though not a breath of air seemed to touch his cheek, yet the ocean began to moan in a way he had never heard before.

The black, mountainous cloud rolled up higher and higher, and now long, fiery tongues of lightning shot out of it like fiery serpents.

A long, white line on the surface of the water was seen directly under the cloud, and the bo's'n said to him:

"There it comes! That white line is the foam of the sea lashed by the wind. Keep your feet, mate, and don't let go a rope. If you can't hold on lash yourself to the rigging."

Philip turned pale, but kept his eyes on the coming line.

In a few minutes he felt the preceding breeze, and the captain turned the ship's heels to it.

Next came the crash of the hurricane, sending the bow of the ship almost under water.

Such a roar Philip had never heard before. He had stood under the Niagara and listened to the mighty roar of water there, but this so far exceeded it that he could but think of it as trifling in comparison.

The staunch vessel plunged forward, as through an ocean of seething, snowy foam, her bow at times dipping completely out of sight under water.

Huge waves dashed over the deck, and would have swept him away, but for the timely advice given him by Bowles.

The captain gave his orders through a trumpet, but Philip

could understand nothing he said, and proceeded to lash himself to the rigging for safety.

Hour after hour passed, and night came on.

He could not see his hand before his face, yet wave after wave dashed over the doomed ship in rapid succession, and two of the seamen were swept overboard.

Daylight found the storm unabated, and the ship leaking.

Suddenly land ahead was seen, and the ship was making dead against it; to turn would be to throw the ship into the trough of the sea, when all would be lost in an instant.

"We are lost!" yelled the bo's'n in Philip's ear, and then the sailors untied themselves for the purpose of battling with the waves when the crash came.

But Philip, stunned by the horror of the situation, remained lashed to the rigging, and glared at the low beach against which the ship was plunging at a fearful speed.

The waves were running high and swiftly upon the beach, covering it with a sheet of white foam.

Suddenly the crash came.

Timbers creaked, and the masts went overboard with a tearing away of rigging, and the next moment the sea seemed to arise up and engulf her, sweeping her from stem to stern with relentless fury, carrying every soul overboard except poor Philip, who was still securely lashed.

But he was more drowned than alive, yet when he drew his breath again, and opened his eyes, he was alone in the midst of the roaring storm, and the seething, shrieking, boiling waters around him.

CHAPTER IV.

WRECKED ON AN ISLAND.

Poor Philip remained lashed to the rigging, while the merciless waves dashed over him about twice a minute for hours.

To him it seemed as if the old ocean was making a terrific assault on the land just in front of him, as if trying to sweep it away in its rage and fury.

How weak and hungry and sick he became!

The gale suddenly ceased; the wind died away, but the angry waves still leaped and roared around the doomed ship as if determined not to desist in their efforts to break it to pieces.

When the waves ceased to dash over the deck Philip ventured to cut himself loose from the rigging, and went in search of something to eat.

He soon found plenty, and ate with the voracity of a wolf, the huge waves all the while pounding against the sides of the ship, making her tremble from stem to stern.

When he had eaten enough, and drank some brandy which he found in a bottle in the steward's room, he went again upon deck.

He was surprised to find the land much nearer than when the ship first struck, and he gazed at the white beach with no little surprise.

It was scarcely two hundred fathoms distant from the ship, and it was some time before he could understand that the height of the waves as they rushed over the beach made the land seem further off than it really was.

The waves were not running half so high now, and he could see that the ship was imbedded deeply in the sand; and as the sea calmed down she loomed up higher than when she rode at anchor without any cargo.

But in the midst of all this his loneliness seemed desolate.

He searched everywhere in the ship for some of the crew, calling each one by name from the captain down; but only the sound of his own voice and the sullen moaning of the sea answered him.

"My heaven!" he exclaimed at last. "this is awful! Where can they be? They surely are not all drowned!"

Looking again toward the beach he was horrified at seeing two human bodies high and dry, far above where the waves now reached.

The sight filled his soul with fear and trembling.

He went down into the captain's room and got his spy-glass, with which he returned to the deck, and proceeded to search the beach as far as he could see it, and was terribly grieved at what he saw.

Five bodies lay in sight of the ship.

"Ah, if they had only clung to the ship!" he groaned in the deepest anguish. "They would have all been alive now. I am all alone, unable to find out where I am—not knowing how to take the bearings. This is awful!"

He paced the deck in an agony of suspense, and at last, as the sea became perfectly calm in the afternoon, resolved to go ashore and bury his unfortunate comrades.

In looking around he discovered that the lifeboat had been torn loose from the davits and was lying bottom upward on the sandy beach.

It was but a short distance to the beach, and he thought the water shallow enough for him to wade it; but the presence of several ugly fish swimming around the ship deterred him.

He raised the hatch and found lumber enough in the hold to make a good raft, and he set about doing so at once, cutting rope enough from the rigging to lash it together.

It then required all his strength to push it overboard, which he finally did, securing it by a rope.

Then finding several spades in the hold, part of an assorted cargo, he took one and let himself down on to the raft.

The spade made a very good oar, and enabled him to make the beach in a few minutes.

The first body he found was that of the big French sailor with whom he had had trouble on board the *Aurora*.

"Poor Reine!" he moaned, "if you could rise up and strike me now I would thank heaven with all my heart—I would love you as a brother. Oh, bo's'n! You too! And the good captain! I am indeed a wretched—wretched man!" and the tears broke out afresh as he surveyed the dead bodies of his shipmates, as they lay scattered along the beach.

After weeping disconsolately for some time he at last turned to the body of the captain, and said:

"All I can do is to give you decent burial, captain. Would to heaven I, too, were dead."

He went higher up and commenced digging in the sand with the spade, the sand yielding readily to his efforts, and in a short time he had a grave dug large enough and deep enough to bury all the bodies in.

One by one he deposited them in the pit, and when the last one was laid therein, he proceeded to cover them with a piece of sailcloth which he had cut from one of the spars that had floated ashore.

This done, he proceeded to fill up the grave, and in a half hour or so he heaped a mound above the spot that would mark the place for a long time.

"Now I am all alone here," he muttered to himself, "and I don't know where I am."

"This must be an island, though," he said, after thinking intently for some time, "for we could not have reached any mainland. If there are any people on it I am in a bad fix, for I have nothing to defend myself with. What a fool I am not to think of that before. There are guns and pistols aboard, and here I am with only this spade."

He hastened down to the water, got upon his raft again, and pushed off for the ship.

He reached it in safety, tied the raft fast to the vessel, and scrambled aboard.

The search for pistols, guns, knives, and ammunition at once commenced, and his patience was rewarded by finding quite an abundant supply on hand.

Night coming on he proceeded to prepare something to eat. But being an exceedingly poor cook, he took a hatchet and a lantern and went into the hold, where, after a diligent search, he found several cases of sardines and other canned goods, on which he feasted till he was satisfied.

Of course nothing remained for him to do that night except to remain on board and ponder on his situation. There were comfortable beds and everything else necessary to comfort all around him, and yet he was miserable, so miserable that he actually wished himself dead and buried under the little sand heap up on the beach with the rest of the *Aurora's* crew.

He tried to sleep in the captain's berth, but the thought that the good captain was lying under the sand within rifle shot of him drove sleep from his eyes.

Unable to stand it longer, he got up and went up on deck.

It was a balmy tropical night, and the stars made it so light that he could see objects on shore quite a way up on the hill.

The sea was as placid and smooth as a mirror—the very extreme of contrast with itself of the day before.

"Oh, heaven!" he groaned, as he paced the deck from

stem to stern, "I am doomed to a hermit's life on this island, and may never see a human face again! I can now see how true are the stories I have read of shipwrecks. I never believed them before. I shall be another Robinson Crusoe, though the world may never hear my story. If I only had a dog, or cat, or something I could talk to, I would not feel so lonely. But this silence is terrible—absolutely painful. I would rather see another storm, or savages on the land, than endure this solitude. By the way, there may be savages on the land for all I know, and I must be careful. I've always heard that there were cannibals in the South Pacific Ocean, and I know I am somewhere in that part of the world. I wish I knew how to use the captain's instruments so I could tell where I am. But no matter, I won't go on shore again without being well armed."

He paced the deck until his eyes grew heavy, and he retired again to the captain's room and threw himself on the bed.

So exhausted was he, in both mind and body, that he soon fell into a heavy sleep, from which he never awoke till high noon of the next day.

He rose up, rubbed his eyes and looked around. A feeling of utter loneliness came over him, and he burst into tears, weeping like a child for over an hour.

When somewhat calmer he went up on deck, and found the sea placid and the sun blazing hot overhead.

"My heaven! what oppressive solitude," he groaned, and then went down into the steward's room in search of something to eat.

CHAPTER V.

EXPLORING THE ISLAND.

Soon after eating his breakfast Philip armed himself with a knife, brace of revolvers, and a double-barrelled gun, and went ashore to look about and ascertain something of his surroundings.

"If there are any savages on this island," he said, "I want to know it. I'd rather be one of them if they wouldn't take a notion to eat me, than to live this way."

Reaching the beach, he pulled his little raft as high upon the sands as he could, and then set out to explore the island, if island it was.

He toiled steadily up the hill in the broiling sun, keeping his wits about him to prevent surprise from man or beast. With the gun cocked and ready for instant use he felt quite sure that he could hold his ground against any one or two foes of whatever nature.

But this walking up hill and watching in every direction at once under a tropical sun soon told on him. He was melted down, almost prostrated.

Seeing a tree that afforded a shade, he went to it and threw himself down on the ground underneath it.

"Ah, this is pleasant," he muttered, mopping his face with his kerchief. "What a soft breeze from off the water. I wonder what kind of fruit that is up there. I've a mind to taste it, and see."

He did. It was very similar in taste to the chestnut of his own native land, and he liked it.

"This must be the famous bread-fruit tree I've read so much about," he said, as he ate more heartily of it. "One could never starve with such fruit as this to live on. I wonder if there is much of it about? I must find out where these trees are, and watch their seasons."

Looking over inland, he noticed quite a high hill about a mile off, on the summit of which were some very tall trees.

He resolved to visit that point, and see if he could discover any indications of the presence of inhabitants on the island.

On the way there he saw a great number of strange birds with gay plumage, such as he had never seen before, making strange noises as they flew up out of his pathway.

But he lost no time in gaining the hill, for he was anxious to discover all he could and return to the ship before sunset.

Before reaching the hill he had to cross a little valley, in the center of which he found a cold spring of pure water, toward which he ran with all speed.

"Thank heaven!" he joyfully exclaimed, laying down his gun and throwing himself flat on the ground by the spring. "Fresh water—fresh water! That on board ship is warm and stale."

He drank his fill of water, and then sat by to wipe the perspiration from his brow, and enjoy the cooling draught.

As he sat there he happened to look toward the hill on the other side of the spring branch, and there saw a venerable-looking goat gazing at him as if greatly frightened.

"Thank heaven!" he exclaimed, "there is something here besides myself if it is a goat. But if there are goats does it not follow that people live here also?" and he arose to his feet to get a better view of the goat.

But the goat turned and fled with the fleetness of a deer, and was out of sight in a flash.

He looked closely at the ground as he went along, and saw that a small flock of goats had recently been feeding there near the branch, and was therefore sure of their presence here in numbers.

On the hill he could see nothing of the goats, nor could he get the view from where he thought he could.

He looked up at the tallest tree and said:

"That looks as though it could afford me a good lookout. I used to be good at climbing, so I'll try to get up there."

Leaning his gun carefully against another tree, but retaining his knife and pistols, which he placed in his belt behind, he commenced climbing up toward the towering branches. In his youth he was an active climber, and his six months' experience as a sailor had developed still greater abilities in that line.

Patiently toiling upward he soon reached the first branches, after which his ascent was comparatively easy.

"Just as I expected," he exclaimed, on reaching the top-most branches. "It is an island, and not a very large one at that. There can't be any people on it, or there would be smoke from some of their settlements. Phil Peyton, you're doomed, and may as well make the best of it."

Keeping his position for some little time he regretted that he had not thought to bring the ship's spy-glass with him, as from his elevated perch he could have had a wide sweep of vision.

Toward the north end of the island he could see bold hills and high rocks, around which sea fowls were flying, and westward the land seemed to stretch out some eight or ten miles in the distance.

He also thought he could see a flock of wild goats a mile or two southwest of him, though he could not positively make them out as such.

Descending from the tree, he took up his gun and started off for the ship again, making a short cut through some timber, reaching the spot about sunset.

To his surprise, the tide had left the raft high and dry, and all his strength was inadequate to the task of drawing it into the water, so he had to content himself with waiting for the return of the tide.

While lying there on the beach pondering on the strange circumstances that had dropped him out of the world, as he practically was, the thought came suddenly to his mind that another storm like the one which had wrecked the *Aurora* would utterly destroy what had been left of her.

"Where would I then be?" he exclaimed, in dismay, springing to his feet and gazing at the black hull, as it loomed up from its bed in the sand, only a few fathoms out from the beach, with an affection he had never felt before. "Everything is on board—enough to live on for a lifetime—and I haven't done anything to secure or save a single article for future use."

The thought that he was in danger of losing what was left of the ship rendered him extremely nervous, and he paced up and down the beach in great agitation for hours, as he waited for the return of the tide.

"Yes—yes, I must get everything out of her that I can before she goes to pieces, which she will be sure to do in the next storm. I'll go to work to-morrow, and take out everything, and carry them up on the beach."

The tide came up to the raft about midnight, and he hastened on board to get something to eat, for his tramp had made him both tired and hungry.

CHAPTER VI.

SETTLING A HOME.

The steward's room afforded something to eat, and pretty soon he was ready to retire, having fully satisfied his hunger.

He slept in the captain's room that night, and arose early the next morning to set about saving the cargo of the ship. Making a breakfast of canned meats and fruits, he again armed himself and went ashore, determined to find some place where he could store the goods.

About an eighth of a mile to east of where the ship lay, he observed a very abrupt elevation scarcely a hundred fathoms from the beach. He resolved to visit that point the first thing.

It was fortunate he did.

He found that the little spring branch ran by the foot of the elevation and entered the sea just below it, making quite a little inlet of considerable depth.

By going up the stream a little distance he crossed to the other side and went up the side of the hill. There were evidences of volcanic convulsions all about the place; rocks were rent asunder, and a fissure in the side of the hill emboldened him to enter.

No sooner had he entered than he saw that the entire hill was a mere shell—hollow inside and with quite a smooth floor.

He was astonished at what he saw, and mystified at what he could not see. The darkness prevented him from seeing very far within; but the dryness of the air told him that it was of no very great depth.

"This is the place," he said. "This narrow entrance would enable me to hold it against a hundred men. If I can only get that lifeboat back into the water I could fill it up and row to within fifty feet of this cave. This is my home."

He was so elated at what he had discovered that he hastened back to the ship and began to hunt for rope enough to reach the lifeboat high up on the beach. This he soon found, for every ship carried an immense quantity of rope.

Tying one end to the capstan he went ashore with the other and fastened it to the lifeboat.

Then, going aboard again, he seized a handspike, thrust it into the sockets of the capstan, and began to turn.

"Ah, now I have you!" he cried, as the boat began to move slowly toward the water. "I'll launch you soon, now!"

After several hours of hard work he succeeded in getting the boat into the water, and right side up, over which he grew quite jubilant.

Drawing it alongside he secured it to the ship, and then set about making a pair of oars. The ship carpenter's tools were handy, and there was plenty of timber aboard for the purpose. It was late in the night when he finished them, and then he went to bed, sleeping soundly after the hardest day's work he had done since the wreck.

The next morning he was up betimes, and went in search of the bills of lading, which he found in the captain's drawers. He also found several hundred dollars in gold there.

"This is lawful prize," he said. "But of what use is it to me now? It can't buy me a piece of bread or a drink of water. But I'll store you away with the other things."

The bills of lading showed that the ship's cargo was a strangely assorted one, containing arms, ammunition, hardware, groceries, and provisions in the greatest abundance. He hardly knew which to commence on first, but at last thought he ought to get the arms and ammunition out first, as they might be needed in self-defense.

When he found the cases of arms he saw that they were too heavy for him to move.

"I see I must make two ladders," he said, after considerable reflection, "one to go down into the hold and the other over the ship's side to the boat."

The carpenter's bench was again visited, and two days were spent in making two good ladders, one of which he swung over the ship's side, and the other down into the hold.

On the completion of his ladders he went to work, getting the arms and ammunition upon deck. This took him a whole day, for there were about sixty guns and a large amount of powder, ball, and shot.

These he lowered into the boat the next day, and rowed around into the little inlet, where he deposited them in the cave. Then he returned and commenced removing hundreds of cases of canned meats, fish, fruits, etc., of which there seemed an endless quantity. Of these he carried boatload after boatload off to the cave, and still the supply seemed inexhaustible.

Besides provisions he carried ropes, pulleys, and numerous other things belonging to the ship which he thought might be useful in the course of time. Thus he worked days, weeks, and months, piling up thousands of boxes in

the cave, including hundreds of cases of fine brandy, which he placed in a separate place to themselves.

Bringing the ship's lamps to the cave and all the oil on board, he was enabled to examine the cave, which proved to be even smaller than he expected. It was about twice the ship's length in depth and twice as wide.

By the aid of the lamps he assorted the different cases, piling up each to themselves. The sardines, lobsters, and canned meats together; canned jellies, pickles, and sweet-meats together; the fruits, teas, coffees, etc., in a lot, and so on.

"Poor Robinson Crusoe had not so much," said Philip, wiping the perspiration from his face, "and yet he was happier than I. Here I have all the comforts the ship could afford, and yet I am the most miserable of men. If I only had a companion to talk to I could stand it."

One day it occurred to Philip that he ought to remove the ship's casks to the cave and keep them filled with fresh water in case of a siege, and he set about doing so. But he found the casks too large for the entrance and so had to abandon the idea.

Not very far from the entrance to the cave Philip made his bed on a pile of boxes which he had arranged for that purpose, bringing all the bedding from the ship and making it nice and soft. He could lie there and look through the opening out at the placid sea that washed the beach a hundred fathoms away. One day he came in and went direct to the bed and placed his hand upon it. To his horror he found it warm, as though some one had been lying there and had vacated it on his entrance.

The thought made his hair rise on an end, and he drew his revolver, glaring around in search of the intruder.

CHAPTER VII.

IN A HOLE.

The discovery that some other one than himself had been occupying his bed, and that other one an unknown mystery caused poor Philip to feel all the pangs of suspense that human nature could endure.

Drawing his revolver, he rushed out of the cave resolved to unravel the mystery and dispute the sovereignty of the island with whomsoever he should meet.

"It must be some native savage," he kept saying to himself as he turned to go in the direction of the hill that overlooked nearly the whole island. "If so, he will come again, maybe with help to take possession of my cave. By the Lord Harry, but I must devise some way of barricading the entrance. I could make 'em sick with all those arms in there if I had some way of keeping them out. Maybe I had better go back and see about it before they come back."

Phil hastened back with all speed, and rushed into the cave. As he did so he heard a noise of something rushing past him, and turning to the light, saw a large goat scampering away as if terror-stricken.

"Sold by a goat," he exclaimed, running outside and watching the fleeing goat as he scampered off over the hill. "Better a goat than savages. I can get along with goats. But I'll fix up my door, anyway," and without further delay he proceeded to so arrange the entrance to the cave that he could swing a large stone around so as to completely close it up except a space about as wide as his fist.

This took him several days to do, but he worked steadily until it was finished. He felt better and safer then.

Having secured his quarters, he took his spyglass, gun, and pistol, and started up over the hill again in search of new discoveries.

Just over the hill was a very rocky, rugged section of the island which he resolved to visit.

Winding in and out among the rocks he approached a spot that attracted his attention from its very wildness.

"Here's another cave," he said, on seeing an opening among the rocks. "No, it's a well—goes straight down! By George, it must have been used by somebody!"

Kneeling down on all fours he was peering over into the well, when something struck him a powerful blow behind that sent him headlong into the pit.

As he went down he shrieked with all his might, and clutched wildly at the jagged edge to save himself, but in vain. He struck the bottom with a dull, heavy thud, and then all was darkness.

Poor Phil!

He had not seen the huge billy goat, who could not resist the temptation to strike him a blow when so fair a mark was presented to him.

When he recovered consciousness he found himself at the bottom of the pit, flat on his back and feeling as though every bone in his body was broken.

He had fallen at least thirty feet, and, but for the rough, uneven sides against which he struck in his descent, he would have been instantly killed.

He could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Oh, I am knocked all to pieces," he moaned, feeling bruised from head to foot, and he lay there looking up at the sky with a sort of hopeless despair.

He lay there several minutes scarcely daring to move a limb for fear he would find it broken.

But by and by his bruises began to pain him very much, and he unconsciously made a movement as if to rise to his feet.

He seemed inspired with renewed life all of a sudden, and he looked up at the sky again with a puzzled expression of countenance.

"What was it?" he asked. "It hit me like a thunderbolt and knocked me on my beam ends into this hole in the ground. Whoever it was I hope they won't batten down the hatch on me. Ship ahoy, there!" he cried at the top of his voice, hoping to attract attention if it was a human foe who struck him.

But no answer came, and he cried out again:

"Throw us a line, mate!" but still no answer came to him.

"Something struck me on the stern and heaved me over on my bow," he remarked, "and strained my timbers awfully. If the lubber would only show himself I'd pour a broadside into him that would sink him in four minutes."

But after waiting over two hours and carefully examining the damages received in the fall, he began to consider how he would manage to get out of the pit.

The pit was at least twenty feet in diameter, and the sides were of solid rock.

On one side of it was a cave into which he went as far as he dared to go without a light, and not having anything with him by which he could strike a light, he refrained from making further explorations.

"How am I to get out of this place?" he asked himself a score of times, and was unable to answer it, though he tried ever so hard.

He made a minute examination of the walls, but found little comfort there, for though it was jagged and rough on all sides, yet there were no footholds by which he could climb out.

"Ugh!" he shuddered, "I'd rather have a tomb in the ocean than to die here by starvation."

He was beginning to despair.

It seemed as though there was no hope for him.

Suddenly he thought of the small ratline he had coiled around his body to be used in climbing over the cliffs in search of eggs.

He quickly uncoiled it and then picked up a four or five pound stone and tied the line tightly around it.

Then looking up at the tree a branch of which projected some distance over the pit, he made an effort to throw the stone over the limb, but the stone fell back without going as high up as the mouth of the pit.

He threw it again and with a similar result.

"Why can't I throw better than that?" he asked himself, picking up another stone and hurling far above the limb with the greatest ease.

"That shows I can do it," he said, "only the line pulls too hard on it. But how am I to get it over that limb? Unless I do I am buried as sure as fate in this pit."

He made a dozen desperate attempts to throw the stone over the limb, but signally failed each time.

At last he took hold of the cord some three feet from the stone, and whirled it around like a sling and sent it upwards with tremendous force.

It went far above the limb, and then fell back into the pit with a dull, heavy thud.

Again and again did he hurl it upward, till at last the stone fell over the limb. The weight of it caused it to slide down, drawing up the other end, thus giving him two lines to pull on.

A cry of joy escaped him at his success, and he swung the spy glass and gun over his shoulder preparatory to climbing up.

Taking both lines in his hands he commenced climbing up, and pretty soon he was dangling above the mouth of the pit, unable to touch the ground on either side of him.

He had to climb into the tree and reach the ground by that means.

"I am out of that scrape," he muttered, as he looked around at the rugged scenery. "But I would like to know who or what it was that knocked me into it. I'm all shook up yet, and feel as if a thunderbolt had struck me."

Taking one of his pistols in hand ready for any emergency, he went around to the other side where he had knelt down to peer into the pit before he received the blow that sent him to the bottom of it, and closely examined the ground. "Great Neptune!" he exclaimed, as he stared at certain unmistakable tracks near the spot, at the same time unconsciously placing his hand on the place made tender by the blow. "It was a blasted billy goat!" and the look of supreme disgust on his face would have made a ghost smile.

Further investigation showed that when he got down on his hands and knees to peep over into the pit, his rear was exposed to a venerable old billy goat, who was quietly chewing the cud of contentment under a shelving rock some twenty feet away.

The reader already understands how the goat put up the job on him, but Philip, of course, had to make the discovery for himself, and when he did, he swore to be avenged on the first old billy he met after that.

As the sun was low down in the west he bethought him of returning to his home in the cave.

But before leaving he concluded to take one more look at the old ocean from the top of the cliff.

Why he wished to do so he could never say, but it seemed as if an irresistible desire to go there had taken possession of him, and he at once started off for the highest point on the rocks.

In less than a half hour he was seated in his favorite place sweeping the horizon with his spy-glass.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet and clapped the glass to his eye; removed it an instant later, wiped his eyes and the glass and then brought it to bear in the same direction again.

"By the great sea serpent!" he gasped. "I believe it's a lifeboat full of men!" and he held the glass long and steadily in the direction. "There's two of 'em!" he cried, a minute or two later.

An hour passed and the sun began to dip into the water, yet he forgot the five or six mile tramp he would have to make to get back home.

He resolved to watch those two boats, which as they became more plain to the naked eye proved to be two long canoes, one twice as large as the other.

"The larger one is pursuing the smaller canoe," said Philip, as he watched the least of the two making frantic efforts to get away from the other, "and they are coming here to this island. By Neptune! but I must give 'em a scare so they will keep away in the future. I'll bet they never heard a gun fire in their lives, and they'll think the devil has got 'em!"

As the sun went down the round full moon arose up out of the bosom of the deep, casting a silvery ray across the water that enabled Peyton to still keep in view the two strange crafts that were so rapidly nearing his island home.

He could hear the savage shouts of the pursuers, and a little later the splash of oars could be heard.

"They will strike that beach down there," said Philip, looking at the long, white, sandy beach that stretched away for two or three miles on his right.

He hastened down there to conceal himself for the purpose of opening fire upon them should they attempt to land, trusting to the fright of the noise, the flash, and the execution, to drive them away forever.

When he reached the beach the shouts of the savages in the larger canoe were simply appalling to hear.

They were close on to the smaller one when it grated on the sand.

The crew of the latter—some ten or a dozen in number—leaped out and started on a run in his direction.

"It won't do to let 'em run over me!" exclaimed Philip, springing up and holding his double-barreled gun ready for instant use. "I'll met 'em out on the sand and give 'em a broadside."

So saying he boldly marched out toward them.

They saw him and recoiled in a body, running backward to the right, keeping their eyes riveted upon him.

Just then the crew of the larger canoe leaped out into the shallow water and started to charge upon the others.

Philip raised his gun and gave them a dose of buckshot.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SAVAGE SUPERSTITION.

Perhaps it was the first gun that had ever been fired in that part of the world, and the result was something wonderful.

Its echo reverberated back over the hills, and the entire party of savages fell prone to the earth terror-stricken at the flash and report.

Five of the pursuers had been hit, one killed outright, and another mortally wounded.

They yelled in terror and pain.

Philip gave them the other barrel, and the execution was still more destructive.

With yells of frantic fear the pursuers rushed into their canoe again and pulled away with all their might, leaving three dead and two dying, while the smaller crew remained prostrate on the sand like so many dead men.

"Just as I expected," muttered Philip, quickly reloading his gun. "They never heard of such a thing before, and I guess I'm captain of the ship yet."

In a few minutes the long canoe was out of sight and hearing.

"What shall I do with these other fellows?" he asked himself, as he stood and looked at them as they lay there naked on the sandy beach.

Holding his gun in readiness for any emergency, he approached and called out:

"Say, there, who are you?"

Every savage struck his forehead in the sand and raised his hands above his head.

"By the great serpent, but they are the worst scared lot I ever saw in my life. Here, you fellow, get up here and give an account of yourself!" and he touched the nearest one with his foot.

The savage raised his head and looked up at him, his face expressive of the most abject terror.

Philip at once saw that he had nothing to fear from them, as they believed him to be something supernatural.

"Don't be frightened," he said, "I won't hurt you," and the tone of his voice seemed to reassure the savage, who instantly threw himself prone on the ground again, and taking Philip's foot, placed it on his neck in token of submission.

"Good boy!" chuckled Philip, who was greatly pleased at his easy conquest, and he patted him on the head with his foot.

The savage arose to his knees, uttered something in a jargon that was all Greek to Philip, and the next moment the others commenced crawling forward and placing his foot on their necks in token of submission.

"What wouldn't I give if you could only pipe good English," Philip remarked, as the last one gave his token of submission.

He took the first one by the hand and made him stand up.

The fellow was a handsome, dark-skinned—almost black—savage, straight as an arrow, with regular features, and nearly six feet tall.

The others arose to a sitting posture and gazed at him with mingled awe and astonishment, while Philip motioned to the first one, who appeared to be some kind of chief among them, to go to those who were lying on the beach.

He did so, and on reaching the dead bodies of the five savages, his surprise was unbounded. He could not imagine what killed them, and proceeded to examine them in the moonlight, which was now almost as bright as day.

He was soon joined by the others, while Philip remained stationary, keeping an eye on every movement they made, not knowing how far he could trust them.

They found the wounds on the dead men, and evinced the greatest amazement thereat.

Then, as if fully convinced of his god-like powers, they threw themselves on the sand again, muttering a strange jargon the while, and coming forward, they placed his foot on their necks again.

"I guess you fellows are all right," said Philip, "but I'm blest if I know how to make myself understood. If you could talk like decent Christians I wouldn't mind the situation very much. I guess I had better make you all stay here until we understand each other better."

He motioned to the chief to rise and follow him down to the water's edge, which they did in great fear and trembling.

Then by signs and motions he made them understand that he wanted them to toss the five dead bodies into the water so that they would float out with the tide, which was then beginning to ebb.

The chief looked at his men and said something, and they in turn jabbered back at him.

He then made signs to Philip that they would rather eat them than throw them into the sea.

"Great Neptune!" exclaimed Philip, in extreme disgust, "they are cannibals! I've a good mind to sail in and shoot the entire crew. No, you don't get any of that kind of beef on this island," and making more emphatic motions with his hands, he made them toss the bodies into the water, which they did with wonderful celerity.

He then made them pull up their canoe high on the sands out of reach of the tide, and marched them off up the hill, intending to take them to his home for the night.

Of course it was a tedious march, but the twelve savages uttered not a word all the way, following in his footsteps as meek as lambs.

On reaching the place it was near midnight, but Philip resolved to give them a good supper of sardines and canned salmon.

But to his astonishment when they had tasted the sardines and salmon they refused to eat it, making wry faces as though the taste was exceedingly offensive to them.

"I don't know what to give you, then," he said, so he concluded to eat heartily himself in order that they might see that it was good to eat.

They watched him with great interest until he was through, and then examined the cans, as if to see what it was he had been eating.

It was very evident that they were very hungry, and as they would eat nothing that had salt in it, he resolved to go out and kill a kid for them.

He knew where a flock of wild goats rested generally at night, and, shouldering his gun, took the chief with him.

The others remained behind, keeping their seats like so many silent statues till Philip and the chief returned.

When about a mile from the hill Philip saw the flock of wild goats in the moonlight, quietly sleeping or chewing the cud of contentment and repose. He pointed them out to the chief, who gazed at them and nodded his head approvingly.

Philip singled out a fat kid, raised his gun, aimed and fired.

With the report the chief and the kid fell simultaneously.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Philip, on looking at the motionless figure of the naked savage at his feet. "You are not hurt unless you are scared to death," and taking him by the hand made him rise.

But a worse scared human being he had never before seen.

He trembled from head to foot like a leaf in the wind.

Pointing to the dead kid he made a motion for the chief to go for it.

He readily obeyed, and in a few minutes the dead kid was laid at his feet by the savage, who pointed to the several holes in the kid's head with wondering amazement.

Philip made him take it on his shoulders and follow him back to the hill where the others awaited them.

They built up a fire and proceeded to roast the kid without using any salt.

"Well, go ahead," muttered Philip. "It's your dish, not mine. That would be a little too fresh for me."

When scarcely half done, the twelve savages laid to and devoured it as rapaciously as so many hungry wolves, after which they stretched themselves at full length on the ground and went to sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INVASION AND REPULSE.

Philip went inside his "castle" and secured the fastening to the door, still unwilling to trust himself wholly into their hands.

"They may be all right," He muttered, "but I don't want to take any chances on it just yet."

He rolled himself in his blanket and went to sleep, feeling very tired, but the exciting events of the evening had wrought upon his imagination that he dreamed of fighting an army of savages all night—of holding the island against an innumerable host of them.

When he came out of his castle the next morning he was armed to the teeth, but found them all ready to worship him as a superior being.

Knowing that they would not eat the provisions he had on hand, he selected a rifle from his armory and made them follow him in search of the goats again. They had little difficulty in finding them, as there were thousands of them on the island.

When they came within one hundred yards of them the goats took the alarm and scampered off. But one stopped to take a last look, and the next moment Philip fired, killing him instantly.

At the report the savages threw themselves flat on the ground and never moved until Philip made the chief understand that he must call them up and send one of their numbers for the kid.

They all went for it, and were dumfounded at finding it lifeless with a bullet hole in its head.

Again they came forward and threw themselves on the ground before him, placing his foot on their necks.

"That settles it," chuckled Philip, delighted at the conquest he had made, as he proceeded to reload his rifle. "They'll never think of such a thing as killing a goat. I must kill two more, as they are awful eaters, and must be awfully hungry."

They took the kid with them and went in search of more. It was not long before they found another flock, out of which two were killed by one shot—Philip managing to get two young kids' heads in close range.

This feat created the most intense astonishment among his savage followers.

Returning home again, he made signs to them that they might cook and eat the kids in their own way, and they fell to, skinned them, spitted them and laid them on the coals.

Philip took a piece and broiled it, first salting it to suit his taste, and then, when thoroughly done, ate it with ship's biscuit, of which he yet had a supply.

"Now I guess I'd better see if I can get out of that chief any idea of the situation," said Philip, and with that he beckoned him to a seat in front of him.

The chief was a pretty intelligent fellow, and seemed to understand what was required of him. He commenced with gestures and guttural sounds to explain that the savages from a neighboring island had invaded their own island home, and forced them to retreat to this island as a last chance for life.

"Very good; I can understand you very well. Now where do you live?" and Philip tried by gestures to put the question so as to be understood.

The chief pointed westward in the direction whence Philip saw them come the day before.

He then asked in the same way where the enemy who had chased him lived, and the direction was pointed likewise.

The chief then began to describe a series of terrific battles by means of gestures that were very expressive in their way, and Philip understood that his people were getting the worst of it, and were being exterminated.

Thus days and weeks passed, and Philip soon taught the savages to understand him when he spoke, and he learned their lingo very readily.

He was very careful, though, not to let them understand his power in regard to the powder and ball, as they fully believed he held thunder and lightning in his control.

One day one of the savages came running in greatly excited, crying out:

"Boloo—Boloo—Boloo!" which was the title they had given Philip, "Kailo man come!"

Now Philip had ascertained that the Kailos were a powerful tribe of savages on an island westward of the one from which his twelve savages had come.

He called Tonga, the chief, to his side, and asked what the man meant.

Tonga questioned the fellow and ascertained that a large canoe full of Kailos had landed on the beach only two miles from Lookout Hill.

"Kailo come," said Tonga, turning to Philip. "Boloo kill 'em?"

"Yes, I will destroy them," said Philip, as he understood the situation. "Is it a war party?"

Tonga answered in the affirmative.

"Then we'll give 'em all they want," said Philip, and, going into his armory, selected ten double-barrelled guns, and charged them heavily with buckshot, stuck four pistols in his belt, told Tonga to make his men carry the guns for him, and started down the hill to meet the savages.

The men had been drilled so as not to be frightened at the report of the guns, though Philip had not yet ventured to instruct them in the use of them, lest he should lose his power over them as a superior being.

When he reached the lowlands he met the war party of Kailos coming up the hill in a compact body, a huge, fierce-looking chief leading them, each carrying a war club and a spear.

When they saw Philip and his savage allies they halted, and stared in surprise.

"Tell 'em to surrender," said Philip to Tonga.

Tonga commenced to call out to them in his own tongue, which they well understood. But the Kailo chief yelled defiance, and ran forward with his war club raised.

Bang! went Philip's gun, and the Kailo chief rolled on the ground with a dozen buckshot in his breast, at which the Tohaios, Tonga's men, danced and yelled in savage delight.

The Kailos were in a terror of fright.

There were nearly thirty of them; they saw that the superiority of numbers were on their side, so made ready to charge upon Philip and his little band.

Bang! went the other barrel, and down went another, while two more leaped about screaming with pain, each having received a shot or two.

That was more than they could stand.

They turned and fled toward the beach as fast as their heels could carry them.

Philip and Tonga pursued them, bringing down a man every shot.

When they reached the big canoe the tide had receded so far that the few were unable to move it.

Philip mercilessly poured the fatal buckshot into them till all but seven men were down.

Tonga and his men then gathered up the war clubs of the dead Kailos, and rushed in for a hand-to-hand fight with them.

CHAPTER X.

CHANGING QUARTERS.

Philip left Tonga and his men to finish the fight, and proceeded to reload his pieces.

Tonga and his men met with but little resistance, as the Kailos were too much demoralized to make much of a fight, and in less than five minutes six of the seven men were knocked on the head and left for dead.

The seventh man boldly plunged forward into deep water and swam out of reach of the death-dealing clubs.

The sharks alone kept Tonga and his men from pursuing them.

"Kill him, Boloo!" cried Tonga, anxious that none should escape to tell the tale.

"No, no!" replied Philip. "Let the sharks have him," and at that very moment the doomed Kailo gave a shriek and disappeared under the water.

Tonga grinned with savage delight and knocked a wounded Kailo on the head to finish him. The others then joined hands and formed a ring around Philip, dancing and singing in frantic delight, prostrating themselves on the ground at his feet, and slapping their hands in the sand with great force.

They kept this jollification up for nearly an hour when Philip, thinking that it was getting monotonous, signaled to them to cease and listen to him.

"Boloo is the friend of the Tohaios," he said, "and he will kill all their enemies. But you must do as I tell you. Take all those dead Kailos and throw them to the sharks."

Tonga repeated his words in Tohai lingo and though they anticipated the pleasure of eating them, they obeyed with great alacrity.

Securing the war canoe and its oars so that the tide would not carry it away, Philip ordered Tonga and his men to gather up the spears and war clubs of the Kailos and

deposit them in a safe place, and then follow him back to Lookout Hill, taking all the guns along, which he carefully hung up in the armory again.

That night he ascertained from Tonga why the island was not inhabited. It was because there was but one small fresh water spring on the island, which would not yield water enough for a tribe strong enough to hold it against two or three canoes full of Kailos.

Philip could understand that and reasoned that this last party of Kailos had come over in search of the Tohaios who had taken refuge there.

"How strong are the Tohaios?" he asked of Tonga.

"Heap many peoples," he replied. "Kailos heap more."

"Have the Kailos a king?"

"Big chief?" Tonga asked.

"Tohaios—Big Chief?"

Tonga nodded his head in the affirmative.

"Tohaios—Big Chief?"

"Old chief—head heap white," replied Tonga sadly. "Kailos kill 'em all."

"How would you like to go back to your people?"

"Boloo go, Tonga go," replied the faithful fellow.

"Then we will go to-morrow," said Philip, "and see the old chief; maybe we go to see Kailo, too."

Tonga grinned with inexpressible delight.

The next day Philip gave each man a double barreled gun to carry, and taking four pistols, a bag of buckshot and a keg of powder, all of which he placed in the war canoe of the Kailos, he ordered them to push off.

The Tohaios pulled with a will, for they were now returning to their island home with a hero who would conquer all their enemies and make them once more a great people.

Before the highest trees on his own island had faded from view, Philip saw the green trees of Tohaio, and then knew how it was that in fair weather these savage people could go from island to island in their canoes.

The Tohaios were fine rowers and never rested until the canoe struck the shore, when they were welcomed by their people with shouts of joy, for they had given up the brave Young Tonga as dead.

They crowded around him, eager to listen to his story, which he told in the presence of two or three hundred men, women and children.

When he had finished talking the whole assemblage cried out

"Boloo!—Boloo—Boloo!" and prostrated themselves before Philip.

Philip preserved a quiet dignity and impressed them still more, and when Tonga proclaimed him the 'god of war,' they all sang out:

"Boloo—Boloo—Boloo!" and sprang to their feet dancing as merrily as so many children.

Tonga then told Philip that he would carry him to the town where the old chief resided, and there he would see nearly all of the people of Tohaio.

The march was but eight miles, which Philip did not mind in the least, as his faithful followers kept close behind him with the guns on their shoulders, others bearing the keg of powder and the bag of buckshot.

It was a complete ovation all the way, and as runners had carried the news to the town, the old chief and the entire population of the town had turned out to meet them.

Tonga told the story of the god of thunder and lightning, and the old chief prostrated himself before Philip, placing his foot on his neck as a token of submission.

"Tell him that's all right," said Philip to Tonga. "Tell him I will destroy his enemies and make the Tohaios a great people."

The old chief shed tears of joy at this and took him into his house, saying:

"He who saves my people shall rule them. The Tohaios are grateful to him that punishes their enemies," which the young chief Tonga interpreted so that Philip could understand it.

At night there was a general merry-making among the people, and the entire tribe spent their time before the old chief's palace—as Philip called the collection of palm leaf huts—singing and dancing.

Tonga praised the power and prowess of Philip to such an extent that on the next morning another young chief doubted his truth and demanded an exhibition of his power,

telling him that the Kailos were not to be beaten by big stories like that.

Tonga explained his words to Philip, who smiled in reply, asking:

"Has he anything that he prizes very much?"

"Yes—his young wife."

"Oh, that won't do. I don't want to shoot his wife. Has he no other pet?"

"The Tohaio have no pets unless they make pets of their war clubs."

So Philip could not find any particular means of punishing the doubting young chief, except to give him a good scare by making him stand close by to his side when he fired off his gun.

Accordingly, he requested the old chief and all his wives—of which the old fellow had half a hundred—together with the whole population of the village, to accompany him out to a field where numerous flocks of birds, nearly as large as ordinary barnyard fowls were feeding on the seeds of the luxurious grasses.

There seemed to be thousands upon thousands of them, and so thick were they that Philip knew that he could do splendid execution among them.

He had his ten men with him, each carrying a gun on his shoulder, keeping close behind him, under the immediate command of Tonga himself.

The approach of so many people caused the birds to rise on the wing in an immense swarm, nearly a hundred yards distant.

Philip fired into them with both barrels of his gun, creating a terrific panic among the people and a wholesale slaughter of the birds.

Quickly seizing another gun, he emptied both barrels in quick succession, following it up with six more, making sixteen shots in the space of some two minutes, by which time the birds had swarmed out of range.

On looking around, he found every savage, except Tonga and his men lying flat on the ground as silent as death, afraid to move hand or foot.

He told Tonga to call them up.

They arose to their feet in trembling and fear to witness Tonga's men gather up nearly one hundred dead and wounded birds.

They rushed forward and examined the birds, uttering loud exclamations of astonishment.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE.

Philip ordered Tonga to gather up a dozen birds and deposit them at the feet of the old chief, and the young warrior did as he was ordered.

The old chief closely examined the birds and found the wounds made by the shot.

His curiosity was satisfied.

He no longer had any doubts about the stranger.

He proclaimed him the god of thunder and lightning—in their language, Boloo. And the elated Tohaio greeted him with shouts and dancing for the day and night.

To his surprise, every young warrior on the island began to prepare for war, the rumor having gone out to the effect that Boloo would carry the war over to the island of Kailo.

Philip had Tonga to gather every young warrior on the island in order to form some idea of their numbers.

When they were gathered together, he had them counted, and found them to be much less than a thousand, all told; but they were daring young fellows who thirsted for a chance to avenge the wrongs of their people, knowing that the Boloo would give them the victory over the powerful Kailos.

On closely questioning Tonga he became satisfied that the Kailos could muster several thousand warriors, and therefore, was a little dubious about invading the island before he had drilled the Tohaio to some extent.

He therefore set Tonga to teach them that Boloo would never hurt one of them, so they should not fall down or be in any way frightened at his thunder.

He also drilled them so that they could charge in an unbroken line with their spears, instead of every man fighting singly and on his own hook.

Philip had some little military knowledge and soon gave the Tohaio the benefit of it.

In a month's time he gave the order for ten large canoes holding thirty men each, to get ready to go with him to the island of Kailo.

But on the day before they were to start the Kailos themselves came in seven large canoes and landed on the island, creating no little consternation among the Tohaio.

"Kailo man come, Boloo!" cried Tonga in great excitement, running into the large palm leaf hut which had been set apart for his use.

Philip immediately called the Tohaio warriors together and marched down to the coast to meet them.

When within a mile of the beach, they met the Kailos, big, black, fierce looking fellows.

But the Kailos were astounded at seeing the Tohaio, who, in the past had either fled before them, or else hurled javelins at them from ambush, marching in solid phalanx against them.

Their unbroken front disconcerted them, and they halted to see what was the cause of such a sudden change in the tactics of the Tohaio.

The leader of the Kailos was a big chief whom Tonga recognized as one of their great warriors who had inflicted untold miseries upon his people, and he begged Boloo to destroy him at once.

Philip halted the young warriors and told them to remain where they were until Tonga gave the order for them to charge.

Then taking his ten gun bearers, he boldly marched toward the Kailos, Tonga and his men keeping close behind him.

Suddenly Philip leveled his gun at the Kailo chief and fired, the entire charge entering his head and blowing off about half of it.

The flash, the smoke, and the fall of their chief as well as the report of the gun, filled the Kailos with consternation.

Half of them fell to the ground in terror, but Philip let fly at them with the other barrel, and then taking another gun, continued to give them doses of buckshot until they broke and fled in dismay, every man looking out for himself in his eagerness to get back to the canoes.

But Tonga now gave the order to charge and the rush of those dusky avengers was something terrific. They swept everything before them and when the terrified Kailos reached their canoes, the swift-footed Tohaio were there, too, so they could not get into the canoes in sufficient numbers to push them off.

The fight then became a slaughter and in less than a half hour, the entire band of invaders were either killed or captured.

Not one escaped. The seven canoes were drawn up on the beach, as trophies of war to be used in the invasion of the Kailos.

The victory was the greatest and most complete the Tohaio had ever won, and it was celebrated accordingly.

The old Tohaio chief threw himself at Philip's feet, placed them on his neck, covered them with kisses, and called him Boloo a dozen times.

Philip was really touched at the old fellow's gratitude.

All the young maidens were brought before him to make selections of wife or wives, and some of them were very handsome in form and feature.

"Tell them I will wait until we conquer the Kailos before taking a wife," he said to Tonga, and the words uttered had a wonderful effect upon the maidens, as they understood Tonga to say that he would marry all of them.

But a new difficulty now arose.

The Kailos had captured and taken so many of the young warriors, that they were eager for a grand feast of Kailo meat.

"Tell them," said Philip to Tonga, "that Boloo will not allow man-eating. If the Tohaio ever eat another man he will leave them to the mercy of their enemies. Do what you please with them, but never eat them."

Tonga repeated his words to the warriors and such was the terror that his victory had caused that they at once abandoned a custom that they had always observed in regard to prisoners of war.

A few days after Philip took ten canoes full of Tohaio, with Tonga as second in command, and set out for Kailo, leaving a regular force of the three hundred young warriors

on the island to protect it from any incursion from other sources.

The canoes started some three or four hours before daybreak, in order to reach the island about noon.

The Kailos sighted them when they were several miles out at sea, and thought that they were their own people returning from Tohaio.

They crowded the beach by thousands, men, women and children, and Philip was dismayed at the idea of firing among the women and children.

But when they saw that they were Tahaiois instead of their own people, the women and children fled to the woods and the warriors prepared to receive them in battle.

They rushed down to the beach, hurling javelins at the nearest canoes, and daring them to attempt to land.

But Philip fired off several of his guns at them.

The noise, the howls of the wounded, the smoke and flash sent them flying in terror from the beach, and Philip and his party landed without opposition.

CHAPTER XII.

A SAIL! A SAIL!

Philip lost no time in landing the Tahaiois, leaving five men in each canoe to push off and keep out of reach of any Kailos who might undertake to capture them, instructing them through Tonga to keep a sharp lookout for signals from him.

Then throwing them into platoons, he marched them solidly against the Kailos, who had now assembled two or three thousand strong to intercept them.

The moment he came within gunshot distance of them, he opened fire, and the scattering buckshot would hit a dozen times at a single shot.

It was more than they could stand.

Thunder and lightning had always received adoration from them, and now they thought that the god of those elements had come to destroy them.

They retreated without once getting within striking distance of the Tahaiois, and the solid phalanx pushed on with a steady tramp that plainly showed what admirable soldiers could be made of them.

On the outskirts of their largest village two or three thousand warriors had assembled to make a stand.

But Philip poured buckshot into their ranks so fast that nearly fifty were killed and three times as many wounded in a few minutes.

The Tahaiois under Tonga charged during the height of the panic, and with unbroken ranks, sweeping everything before them, slayed scores with their spears.

War clubs were useless against a solid front of spears, used as trained soldiers used the bayonet, hence the Kailos fled in dismay and their largest town fell into the hands of Philip.

Every hut was set on fire and destroyed, and night coming on, the Tahaiois encamped in an open plain, where the Kailos could not surprise them, and the night was spent in the wildest merrymaking ever seen.

They sang and danced until they could scarcely stand up. Philip saw that they would be unfit for duty next day unless he put a stop to it.

He ordered Tonga to compel every man, except the guards, to lie down and sleep, and daylight found them all soundly sleeping on their arms.

With sunrise came the news that a great army of the Kailos were coming against them, under the leadership of their king or head chief.

"Tonga, you must load up fast for me to-day," said Philip, "and we will conquer them with little trouble."

"Tonga do what Boloo tell him," replied the faithful fellow, and Philip then went around among the others, exhorting them, through Tonga, to keep ranks closed up and charge in a body when ordered.

Soon the host of the enemy appeared in sight, and the great chief pushed boldly forward to meet Philip, surrounded by half a hundred bodyguard.

When within twenty paces of him Philip fired and he fell dead.

The bodyguard also fell in sheer terror, and were then swept with charge after charge of buckshot, until nearly every one of them had been wounded and a third killed.

They broke and fled back to the main body, spreading terror as they went.

"Charge!" yelled Philip, and Tonga repeated the order in his native tongue to his followers.

Two hundred and fifty spears in an unbroken line is a terrible sight, and the mob fell back before them like chaff before the wind.

With triumphant yells the Tahaiois pushed on, and soon another village was in flames.

Their chief dead and their people scattered, the Kailos were utterly demoralized.

The band of the Tahaiois, only two hundred and fifty in number, could march from one end of the island to the other, as their new style of charging on the enemy rendered them irresistible.

Village after village went up in flames and smoke and at last the conquered Kailos sued for peace.

Tonga was for exterminating the whole tribe, but Philip would not listen to the idea.

"Take away all their young maidens and boy children," said Philip, "and leave them to ponder on the lesson they have received."

"There are too many of them, Boloo," said Tonga.

"Not for Boloo," was Philip's reply.

The chiefs of the Kailos begged for peace so hard that it was granted to them on condition that all their marriageable young maidens be surrendered to the Tahaiois.

"Now, listen to the words of Boloo," said Philip, in a loud voice, when he had concluded peace with them. "If a Kailo warrior ever lands on the shores of Tohaio again I will come and destroy the people of Kailo, and sink the land in the bottom of the great water. These are the words of Boloo."

Tonga repeated word for word what he said, and the proud Kailos were humiliated in the presence of their hitherto despised enemies.

Thus in less than a week's time the Kailos were conquered, and the Tahaiois believed themselves to be the greatest people on earth.

They spent two days gathering the young maidens of the Kailos, and when over a thousand of them were ready to go, all the canoes on the island were impressed into service to convey them to their new homes.

Philip was amazed at the good humor of the Kailo maidens.

He expected to see heart-broken maidens tearfully bidding good-by to parents and lovers; but on the contrary, they appeared perfectly happy, laughing, singing, and making merry in their savage way.

They regarded the Tahaiois as superior people now—the favorites of Boloo—and they were all going to get husbands at once.

With nearly forty canoes full of Kailo maidens the victorious Tahaiois returned to their island home.

Sentinels were on the lookout for them and such a fleet at once sent a thrill of alarm throughout the whole island, and they crowded down to the coast to see who they were.

The nearest boat, or canoe, gave the news, and then the rejoicing commenced.

Canoe after canoe emptied its load of Kailo girls, and the march to the principal village of the old chief was one grand triumph for Philip all the way.

The cry of Boloo was heard at every step and when they reached the village the whole populace turned out to do him honor.

The old chief distributed the captive maidens among the warriors as wives, offering as many to Philip as he might wish to select.

But Philip said that he would only have a Tohaio maiden for a wife, and that was the old chief's daughter, a tall, dignified girl of some eighteen summers. She had fallen desperately in love with him, and he with her, though she could understand but little what he said. She believed him to be Boloo, a god, and was therefore in love with him because he was in the shape of a man.

He took Tonga into his confidence and said that he wanted the old chief's daughter for a wife. Tonga spoke to the old chief. The old fellow was rejoiced and so was Natai, his daughter, and the day for the nuptials was set.

When she saw him, she ran forward, knelt at his feet and kissed him; but he raised her up and imprinted a kiss on her lips, at which she was supremely happy.

"I may never see my native land again," said he to him-

self, "and I may as well make the best of the future that is before me. I have been three years a castaway and may be so thirty years hence. She may make a very good wife for all I know; she loves me and I like her. I'll work in to succeed her father as chief when he dies, and then I'll run this thing to suit myself."

On the day before the one appointed to be his wedding day, Philip was seated under the shade of an orange tree making love to Natai, when Tonga came running up, greatly excited and almost out of breath.

"Big canoe with wings!" cried the young chief.

Philip knew at once that it was a ship with sails.

He sprang to his feet, all the love for his sister coming to him in an instant.

"Get your best canoe and thirty of your best men," he cried. "We will take the canoe with wings. Boloo has spoken."

Getting his weapons as if to fight the ship, he hurried down to the shore and looked out to sea.

There, with her hull low down in the water and all sails spread, was a ship sailing majestically along before a steady breeze.

His heart sank within him, but he made the venture, and the canoe put off to cross her bow.

CHAPTER XIII.

DOOMED TO DESPAIR.

From the direction in which the ship was sailing Philip indulged in the hope that if he could not cross the bow he could attract sufficient attention to cause them to heave to and investigate.

Every other consideration was swallowed up in the one great desire to return to his native land, where a fortune awaited him, and where he could enjoy the delights of society congenial to his cultivated tastes.

While he had a sort of tender feeling for Natai, the old chief's daughter, who was to become his wife on the morrow, he would gladly leave Tohaio forever if he could only reach the haunts of civilization again.

"Pull—pull hard!" he cried repeatedly to the dusky crew of the canoe. "We'll catch her yet!"

But it was in vain.

The gallant ship had a stiff breeze, and every yard of canvas stretched to catch it.

It gradually sank lower and lower down in the horizon, and with a sigh Philip gave the word to cease rowing, and the men rested from their hard work.

The reaction was terrible on poor Philip, and he sat down dejected, such as he never felt before.

His original island home was now in plain sight, and he determined to go there for a bottle of brandy, hundreds of bottles of which he had stored away in the cavern in the rear of his hut on Lookout Hill.

It was nearly night when they landed.

He at once killed three or four kids for supper, which Tonga had cooked under his direction.

Getting a bottle of brandy, he took a good drink and then gave some to Tonga, who went into ecstasies over it.

But he was careful not to let the others know the nature of the drink, as they would all get drunk and become unmanageable.

Then selecting two large sail-cloths, a keg of nails, more powder and lead, two axes and hatchets, saw, and other carpenter's tools, he ordered them placed in the canoe and at midnight set out to return to Tahaio, which they reached a little after sunrise.

Natai flew to meet him, clad in the simple light native costume of a princess, which was a garment made of the skins of a species of rabbit, reaching only from the waist to the knees, and he received her with open arms.

"As long as I have to remain here," he said, "I may as well enjoy life the best I can. She is a fine girl, and the princess of the island. I may never get away, and may as well raise a family of my own. Who knows but I may benefit these people and the world besides? I will try it, anyhow, as they do not seem inclined to be vicious."

Ordering the things he had brought over in the canoe to be carried up to his hut, which he now had located on a high point only the fourth of a mile from the beach, he set out to the residence of the old chief.

The old man chided him for building his home so close to the sea, where the enemy could land in the night and destroy him while he slept.

"I am Boloo," he said, "and am not afraid. I can see my enemies from there and meet them at the water's edge."

The old chief yielded.

Philip wanted to be where he could keep a watch for any vessel that might come in sight, as he never intended to give up hopes of once more seeing his native land; hence his selection of this place for his future home.

Natai approved his choice, and the simple wedding, accompanied by feasting and dancing, went on.

The ceremony consisted in his offering her a cocoanut shell half full of palm oil, which she accepted and then followed him to his hut.

As it was nearly five miles to his hut, the way was a perfect ovation, the men, women and children singing and dancing all the way, and keeping it up nearly all night.

To his surprise on the next day, he found the entire population removing to the site he had selected for his future residence, and in less than twenty-four hours several hundred palm leaf huts were in course of erection.

"I may as well have order and regularity as otherwise," he said, after thinking the matter over. "So I will mark off the ground, lay out streets and squares, and give each man his plot. It will look better, and they will be better pleased."

He explained the thing to Tonga, and the young chief was delighted, and they set to work at once to do it.

The result was that the village proved to be a beautiful spot under the tall palms, with wide streets running at right angles, with an open square for council meetings and great festivals.

In less than two weeks there were nearly 2,000 palm leaf huts in the village, with more than half the population of the island concentrated there.

In the center of the square Philip sawed all the limbs off the tallest tree, leaving it a bare pole, and to that he nailed a large piece of sail cloth to float to the breeze as long as it would hold together.

He knew that any ship coming in sight of the island would stop to investigate the meaning of that flag, which would be all he wanted.

This done, he set about building him a more comfortable house than the simple palm leaf hut he now occupied.

With the axes, saw, hatchet, nails, and other things he had brought over from the stores of the ill-fated Aurora he soon put up a substantial structure, that was the wonder and admiration of the natives.

They had never seen such a thing before as a chimney to carry off the smoke from a house, nor such cooking utensils as Natai displayed to the wondering women.

To say that Natai was happy as the single wife of the great Boloo would be but a feeble expression of her condition. She idolized him, and he was kind and tender to her, employing two maidens to wait on her, cook her meals, and do the household work.

By his direction she discarded the dress of skins, and made herself several gowns out of material saved from the wreck of the Aurora, and no prouder woman than she was ever seen in the streets of New York when she first appeared in her new dress.

CHAPTER XIV.

PHILIP CHIEF.

About four months after Philip married the princess of Tahaio the old chief died, and was buried in the usual way of the island savages, followed by a great feast, which lasted several days.

On the tenth day after his death the natives met to elect a successor to the old chief.

He left no sons and only one daughter—the wife of Philip.

But he left an ambitious nephew to whom, in the usual line of succession, the position would have fallen; yet such was the influence and pluck of Natai, that Philip was chosen by a large majority to be chief of the assembled warriors.

This was a terrible blow to Coolakii, the nephew, and he withdrew at once to the forest, followed by a few personal friends.

Tonga was the first to inform Philip of his election, and then he hailed him chief and Boloo of the Tahaio.

"How about Coolakii?" Philip asked.

"Ilim gone," was the frank reply of the young chief.

"Gone where?"

"To the woods. Won't have Boloo chief. Tahaio's say go, and he go."

"Then ne will make trouble, will he not?"

"Boloo kill him. He no make trouble then," was his reply.

"Boloo king!" cried Natai, ambitious to have her lord and master with a great title.

"Yes—Boloo king!" cried Tonga, and out he ran to the assembled council to communicate the new title to them.

After the lapse of several weeks Philip began to grow uneasy about the continued absence of Coolakii, the nephew of the late chief.

No one had seen or heard anything of him since his disappearance on the day Philip became king.

He sent out runners to search the whole island, and at the end of three days it was decided that he and his few friends had left the island for some other near by.

"Coolakii bad man," said Tonga, shaking his head. "Him go to Kailo man, and make heap war for Boloo."

"I guess the Kailos won't be in any hurry to quarrel with us," said Philip, shaking his head.

"Kailo man heap big liar," said Tonga. "Him never forget. Him fight Boloo and Tahaio's some more."

"Do you think so? Then we must send some one to Kailo to see if he is really over there. If he is there, he means mischief, and it would be well to watch him. Have you got a wood man to send over there?"

"Yes, Choloo go. Him one time Kailo man."

"Can you trust him?"

"Yes—Choloo come back," and Tonga at once went out in search of the man he spoke of.

He soon returned with a big burly fellow who threw himself on the ground at Philip's feet, while Tonga vouched for his faithfulness.

Philip then made Tonga explain to him what Boloo wanted him to do in Kailo. He was to pretend to have escaped from the Tahaio's, and made his way back to Kailo alone. If Coolakii was there he was to join in with him, learn all his secrets, and then come back and let him know, for which he would be suitably rewarded.

Choloo seemed to understand pretty well what was expected of him, and at once set about preparing to slip away in a little canoe that night.

At midnight Tonga came to the big house and reported that he had seen Choloo slip away for Kailo in a small canoe.

The next day Philip had a general muster of all the warriors, and found that he now had about one thousand men, all armed with war clubs and spears.

He organized them into companies, and taught them how to maneuver in solid ranks, presenting an unbroken front, against which ten times their number could not stand unorganized.

In order to make himself stronger, he taught his ten gun bearers how to load and shoot, concluding at last to trust them with the secret of his thunder and lightning, finding it in no wise lessened his influence and power.

At last Choloo returned and reported that Coolakii was in Kailo stirring up those fierce warriors to a war with Tahaio again. They were preparing for a grand invasion, and would land on the coast on a dark night, surround Boloo while asleep, kill him and then destroy all the Tahaio warriors and carry the women and children over to Kailo.

Coolakii had reported that Boloo was no more than a single Tahaio warrior on certain days in the week, and when he slept, and such other stories as tended to give the Kailos courage to strike another blow for supremacy.

Philip and Tonga made a calculation that convinced them that the invasion would not take place under two weeks.

"We will go over to my island," he said to Tonga, "and get some more guns and ammunition. We will give the Kailos all they want when they come."

Taking a crew with him he went over to the island, where he had the cargo of the Aurora stored, and got twenty more double-barrel shot-guns, two kegs of powder, and several bags of buckshot.

With these he returned to Tahaio and proceeded to drill twenty trusty warriors in the use of firearms, who with the other ten he made his bodyguard, with the faithful Tonga as captain.

Then with a coast guard to apprise him of any approach of the Kailos, Philip felt quite secure, and proceeded to devote himself to teaching the women, through Natai, many

useful things about housekeeping, cooking and such other accomplishments as would render them more comfortable.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BATTLE ON THE BEACH.

One night a runner from the coast guard came running up to the king's guard and reported to Tonga that the whole sea was covered with Kailo canoes.

Philip sprang up from his bed, and called out his guards and the rest of the native warriors.

In ten minutes everything was in readiness to march, and they advanced to a spot where the battle was to be fought—a place where Philip had decided to meet the invaders.

There they laid down to await the approach of the enemy.

They took two or three hours to disembark, and when they started up the hill to surprise Boloo when asleep, it was just breaking into daylight.

Suddenly Philip gave the word to fire, and thirty Tahaio's arose up, and poured a deadly fire into their midst.

Coolakii had prepared them to listen to a single clap of thunder which would kill, perhaps, one or two men; but when thirty shots rang out along a line, and over a hundred men were hit, a sudden panic seized them.

A second volley, and they broke and fled in dismay.

The order for the spearmen to charge was given, and the steady tramp of 900 men, with unbroken ranks, swept the field to the water's edge, where the fight became a massacre.

The Tahaio's got between them and their canoes, and then the most desperate fight ever seen in savage warfare raged for hours.

The sun rose on a scene that was sickening.

Had the Tahaio's broken ranks they would have been annihilated, for the Kailos outnumbered them three to one.

But they kept together, charging with their spears like old soldiers with the bayonets, sweeping the black mob before them everywhere.

Coolakii was killed early in the fight, and all the chiefs were slain as fast as captured.

The day was spent in capturing scattered bands that were wandering about trying to make their escape from the island.

When night came the victorious Tahaio's had a great jubilee, for the power of the Kailos was broken forever.

All their warriors were now either dead or prisoners, and but for Philip's firmness in forbidding it, the prisoners would have all been killed in cold blood, so great was the hatred the Tahaio's felt toward the Kailos.

There was something over three hundred Kailo warriors prisoners in his hands, and he was greatly troubled as to what disposition to make of them. To keep them in bondage among their conquerors was against his idea of right, as well as policy, for they were a dangerous, treacherous set.

Tonga was called in and consulted.

That young chief was in favor of making slaves of them, but Philip soon made him understand that he would not allow it.

"Send them back home," he said, "and they will tell such a story as will make Tahaio a terror to all other island tribes for years to come. There isn't enough of them left now to do any harm, so we will never have any more trouble with them."

Tonga believed that everything Philip said was the wisdom of Boloo, and accordingly accepted the proposition as the thing to do.

Two days later Philip told the Kailo prisoners that they could either remain in Tahaio and become one of them, or else return to Kailo free and unmolested.

To his surprise the entire band eagerly accepted his proposition to become Tahaio's. All the young Kailo maidens had been taken away, and they were not numerically strong enough to contend successfully with the powerful tribes on the islands beyond them.

That was more than he expected or wished, though he felt that if a part of them remained it would make the Tahaio's that much stronger. He took another day to consider the matter, and finally decided to let them remain on condition that they be not allowed to carry either club or spear for one year.

To this they demurred, and all decided to return to Kailo in a body, which they did the next day, leaving in disgrace, followed by the taunts and insults which the Tohais hurled at them.

In order to give his warriors something with which to keep their minds employed, Philip instituted a series of athletic games, in which they joined with the wildest enthusiasm. No schoolboys ever joined in any field sport with the zest those ignorant savages did.

Then he organized huge fishing parties to kill sharks, telling them that the warrior who killed one hundred of those voracious monsters would have as many wives in Boloo's home in the clouds.

To his surprise every Tohais warrior at once began to make himself a small canoe just large enough for two or three, in which to hunt for sharks. Then they made a sort of harpoon out of the same kind of hard wood their spears were made of, which was almost as hard and heavy as iron. When once harpooned, there was no chance for a shark to escape, as his skin is as tough and strong as the best of leather.

About this time his wife, the Princess Natai, was delivered of a child, a bouncing boy, "the image of his father," and there was great rejoicing all over the island in consequence.

Philip was proud of his son, and named him Philip Peyton, Jr. He was a very bright copper-colored chap, just a perfect half-breed, a fact the natives could not understand, and therefore regarded him as another wonderful feat of the great Boloo.

About a month after his child was born, on a dark night, a great storm, similar to the one in which the ill-fated Aurora was wrecked, swept over the island, tearing away hundreds of the palm leaf huts of the natives. Philip's house was not in the least damaged, having been built with nails and heavy timber.

But the next morning the low, sandy beach was strewn with the wreck of a vessel and several dead sailors, white men. The natives came running forward, telling Boloo that two men were still struggling in the water.

He ran down to the beach and there saw, lashed to a mast, two men feebly struggling for life.

"Get me a canoe!" he cried, "and men to row it. I'll save those men or perish with them!"

The canoe was soon launched, and though the waves were still running high, he entered it and was rowed out to the wreck where the men were, and dragged them into the canoe.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANOTHER WRECK—THE TWO SAILORS.

Philip saw at a glance that the two men were exhausted—nearly dead, in fact.

"Pull hard—pull hard!" he cried.

They did pull with all their might and in a few minutes the canoe was carried up on the beach by a tremendous wave.

He ordered them to be carried up to his house, where he astonished Natai by putting them on her best bed, and giving them liberal drinks of the brandy that he had so carefully guarded from all but herself.

Later that afternoon, while he was watching, the stouter of the two men opened his eyes and stared up at him, as if uncertain as to his bearing.

"Where are we, mate?" he feebly asked in very good English.

"In a snug harbor, mate," replied Philip, tears streaming down his face at the familiar sound of his mother tongue.

"Snug harbor, did you say? Then we are not at Davy Jones?"

"No. We are safely anchored here. Have a taste of grog, and you will feel better," and Philip held the bottle to his lips.

The old sailor took a long pull at it, closing his eyes and evidently enjoying the fine brandy.

Philip pulled the bottle away when he thought that he had enough.

"I could anchor to that, mate," he said, smacking his lips.

"But you have had enough now, your mate will want some when he wakes up, you know."

The old sailor turned and looked at the other in great surprise.

"The French cook!" he exclaimed. "How came he here?"

"We picked him up with you this morning," remarked Philip. "Seven others were found dead on the beach. What ship was it, mate?"

"The Glendale, of Portsmouth, Captain Sands, bound for the East Indies. Where are we now?"

"On one of the cannibal islands of the South Pacific."

"Great guns! They'll eat us!"

"No, I think not. I have about broken up that practice here, I hope."

"I say, mate," and the sailor stared at Philip, "who are you?"

"I am Philip Peyton, of New York, wrecked on one of these islands four years ago. I am now the chief of this island, which the natives call Tohalo. Because of my having saved guns and ammunition from the wreck they call me Boloo, the God of Thunder and Lightning. I enabled them to beat their enemies, married their old chief's daughter and succeeded him at his death."

"Shiver my timbers, commodore!" exclaimed the old sailor. "If you'll keep them from eating into my hull, I'll be the best man on deck."

"Never fear for that, my friend," said Philip warmly. "But don't give it away that I am not the genuine Boloo or it may be the worse for us."

"Never."

"Can we trust the Frenchman?"

"No, sir. He's a bad one."

"Then we must play upon his fears. He seems to have been worse hurt than you."

Just then the Frenchman opened his eyes and groaned.

"I'll give him a drink of brandy," said Philip, placing the bottle at his lips and trying to force some of the stuff down his throat.

"Keep a good grip on the bottle, commodore," cautioned the old sailor, as he raised himself on an elbow and gazed wistfully at the bottle. "He draws heavily."

After several minutes the Frenchman began muttering, finally talking wildly in both French and broken English.

But it was evident that he was out of his head and badly hurt. The wild raving that came from him at times indicated the direction of his mind.

Philip and the gentle Natai watched him through the night, the English sailor sleeping soundly, though at times talking in his sleep.

In the early morning the English sailor awoke greatly refreshed and told his story. His name was Burns and he had been going to sea for many years.

Philip and Natai both liked him and he seemed to have implicit confidence in them.

During the day the Frenchman died without having known that he had been rescued from the sea. Philip and Burns buried him in a little glen at the foot of the hill and declared the spot sacred: from that hour no native would go within twenty paces of the grave.

"He will rest there—they will never disturb him there after this, though a thousand years may pass," said Philip as they turned away.

That night, when by themselves, Philip related the story of his own shipwreck, the cave on the other island where he had the cargo of the ship concealed—in fact, told everything.

"You have the ship's quadrant?" Burns asked.

"Yes, over there. I could do nothing with it."

"Shiver my timbers, commodore!" cried Burns, springing to his feet, and dancing around like a jolly old tar under the influence of a liberal allowance of grog, "I can take our bearings and locate this island."

"You can?"

"Yes."

The two men grasped each other's hands, and seemed as happy as though they were already on their way back to port.

"We'll go over there in a day or two and see it," said Philip.

Burns was very impatient to get over there and did not take very kindly to the natives, whose curiosity caused them to crowd about him every time that he made his appearance.

At last Philip and Burns took a crew of Tohais in a large canoe and started off for the island on which the ship's cargo was concealed.

On reaching the island they saw many evidences of the fury of the great storm that had wrecked Burns on Tohaio Island.

"It was a big blow, commodore," said Burns, shaking his head; "and many a stanch craft went down in it. I don't want to tackle another like it."

"Nor would I," said Philip, "but I would risk it to get back to New York."

Burns looked sadly out over the wild waste of waters and sighed. His heart, too, like Philip's, was far away from that silent land.

CHAPTER XVII.

TAKING THEIR BEARINGS.

Leaving the natives in charge of the canoe, Philip and Burns walked up the hill in the direction of the cave, which they soon reached.

Philip removed the obstruction and led the way within.

Coming suddenly from the glare of the sunlight, the gloom of the cavern seemed like midnight darkness, and they were compelled to wait until their eyes could endure the change.

"This was my home before the natives found me," said Philip, when they could see all about them.

"It wasn't a bad home, commodore," remarked Burns, glancing admirably around at the piled up boxes and bales.

"No, it was a very good one," replied Philip, "but, oh, how lonesome it was. At times I would have given all these goods to have had some one to talk to. I actually became seriously alarmed several times at the sound of my own voice."

"Ay—ay, a sailor loves companionship as well as any one else."

"Yes; I suppose he does; but you see I could hardly claim to be a sailor; but I have found companionship now, and I don't think that I shall mind it much."

"No, nor I," remarked Burns, and Philip turned away to find the ship's quadrant which he had stored carefully away among many of the captain's effects.

He soon brought it out and the old sailor snatched it out of his hands and ran out of the cave as though he intended to run off with it altogether.

Philip ran after him and saw him speeding away to the top of the hill.

He followed and in a few minutes was by his side.

"Where are we, mate?" he eagerly cried.

"Put it down!" exclaimed the old sailor as he put the wonderful little instrument to his eyes.

Philip seized a stick that lay at his feet, sharpened one end with his knife and proceeded to make figures in the sand as fast as Burns called them out.

Many—many numerals were called off and marked down. They were all Greek to Philip, but he had faith in them and science.

When the last number was called off, Burns laid down the quadrant, seized the stick, dropped upon his knees, and proceeded to unravel the mystery of the figures as Philip had put them down.

Philip looked on with breathless interest.

Suddenly Burns burst out with:

"Where's that chart? Bring me the chart."

Philip darted away down the hill at the top of his speed toward the cave, in which he darted like an arrow.

Only half a minute's time was spent in finding the chart, and he reappeared with it in his hand.

"Here it is—here it is!" he cried, waving it above his head as he ran up to where Burns was still kneeling on the ground, poring over the figures.

Burns spread the map out on the ground and continued his figuring in silence.

Pretty soon he turned to the map and commenced to measure four certain points, watching the figures on the ground.

"Here we are!" he said, placing the sharpened point of the stick on a small, scattered group of islands in the far South Pacific Ocean, "away out of the way of travel."

Philip gazed long and wistfully at the spot, and then his eyes wandered over the map to the faraway port of New York.

A deep sigh escaped from him as he took up the quadrant and chart and started to the cave with them.

"I don't see that a knowledge of our exact location will

do us any good!" he remarked to Burns as they neared the cave.

"Nor I, either," returned the sailor, "but it is some satisfaction to know where you have anchored."

"Yes, you are right," assented Philip as they entered the cave. "Let's have some wine and then we will get out some things that we need over at home."

Philip then opened a case of old Madeira wine, took out a bottle and passed it to Burns.

Having no corkscrew handy, he struck the neck a sharp blow against the rocky side of the cavern, broke it off and thus got at the generous liquid, which he drank of copiously.

"Hold up, mate!" said Philip. "You'll strike a sunken rock in the channel!" and taking the bottle from him, he held it up between his face and the light from the entrance to the cavern.

It was more than half empty.

"Great Neptune, mate!" he said, "you've waterlogged yourself."

Burns laughed good naturedly.

"I've sailed that sea a long time, mate," he said, "and have never been wrecked yet."

"Well, you must not put all your sails out at once, you know. The supply won't admit of it."

"All right, commodore, I'll batten down the hatch."

"That's right. We may remain here all our lives, you know, and something of this kind would be good medicine in our old age."

"Ay—ay, sir, that it would."

Philip then took a moderate drink from the bottle and set it down on a box, and proceeded to hunt up another ax, a saw auger, drawing knife, a couple of files, nails, and a dozen other things which he thought might be needed over in Tohaio.

When ready to start he passed the bottle and saw that it had been entirely emptied on the sly by Burns.

He said nothing, but resolved to keep his liquors from him in the future.

"He is a good fellow," he muttered, "but loves liquor too well for his own good. If he could have his way he would keep drunk as long as it lasted, and then have the delirium tremens and die."

Burns gathered up the greater part of the things and returned to the boat with them, followed by Philip, with the remainder.

The patient rowers in the canoe seemed awe-struck by the strange implements the two men brought with them. They evidently looked upon them as tools of the gods, which only gods dared to touch.

"Now pull for home," ordered Philip, and the dusky natives, strong, lusty fellows that they were, pulled with tremendous force, feeling that two strong gods were with them.

But the practiced eye of the old sailor soon saw that there was room for improvement in their rowing.

Every man used his oar without any regard to time with others, thus losing fifty per cent of the force expended.

He mentioned it to Philip.

"I never thought of that before," said Philip. "See if you can make them understand it, for they are good fellows to learn anything quick."

Burns then motioned them to stop rowing, and instantly every oar rested.

Philip then explained to them as near as he could in their own tongue, how they must all make their strokes together as Burns had made the motions.

They understood him and were eager to do so.

After an hour's drilling every oar dipped as one and as regular as clockwork. The speed of the canoe doubled and the delighted Tohaio regarded it as a miracle of the Boloo.

They reached Tohaio at least two hours sooner than they ever made the trip before, and were received by Natai and her maidens on the beach.

The wondering natives escorted their white chief up the hill to his house, shouting and dancing by the way.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DRILLING THE NATIVES—BURNS' COURTSHIP.

Philip and Burns busied themselves in building an addition to the house Philip had originally constructed, and the simple natives looked on in speechless amazement.

The wonders of the saw, auger, and other implements interested them beyond measure, and they never tired watching their performances.

Burns was a man of wonderful ingenuity. He could turn his hand to anything, and readily perceived the necessity of everything needful. But the natives could see that he regarded Philip as his superior—himself being only second to Boloo.

They soon built a lovely addition to the house, into which they installed Natai as supreme mistress, and she was as proud of her new home as any true daughter of Eve could be.

This agreeable duty attended to, Burns and Philip next turned their attention to drilling the young warriors of the Tohaios to understand the value of discipline in the presence of enemies.

Philip called in Tonga, who was chief of his guard, and told him to assemble all the young warriors of the tribe the afternoon of the next day.

This order created the liveliest sensation among the natives, for they thought it meant the invasion of their powerful neighbors, the Kailos.

Accordingly, the next day saw over one thousand natives gathered in the open space below the hill, awaiting the order of Boloo.

Philip and Burns went down to them followed by Tonga and his guard bearing the firearms.

The dusky warriors prostrated themselves on the ground before them as they passed them.

Philip then instructed Tonga to form the warriors into a straight line.

The young chief gave the order in his native tongue and the bewildered Tahaios tried in vain to obey. But such a thing they had never seen before, and, of course, could not execute it.

"The blarsted lubbers!" exclaimed Burns, seizing a spear from one standing near him, and running along the plain, made a straight line by drawing the spear after him.

"That's a good idea," laughed Philip. "Now tell them to toe the mark, Tonga."

Tonga soon had the line stretched out, and a long line it was, composed of dusky warriors dressed in nothing but breech clouts, stalwart and brave.

Everything being new to them, they evinced the liveliest interest, and waited for the next move. They seemed to be expecting some wonderful miracle by Boloo, off of whom they never took their eyes.

"Now, tell them to take one step forward, Tonga," said Philip.

Tonga did so.

They stepped, but not with any uniformity.

"Tell them to step all at once."

Several times they made the step until at last no regiment could have done better.

Philip then instructed them to always start with the left foot foremost, keep the step and always move quickly at every command.

He then marched them abreast half a mile across the plain.

Their solid tread charmed him, and they seemed to comprehend the beauty and strength of the movements they were making.

He then divided them into companies and drilled them in charging with the spear.

"Boloo says you can conquer all our enemies this way!" cried Tonga at Philip's direction.

The whole line fell flat on the ground in adoration of Boloo; and all the women bowed before Natai, Philip's dusky wife.

The next thing was to make them understand that Boloo's thunder and lightning would not hurt them as long as they obeyed his orders, and that they must not fall down or show any signs of fear when they heard it.

Days and weeks were spent in these drills and the natives seemed more to tire of them. They had no work to do in that climate where nature was so profuse in her gifts to man, hence they could devote all their time to the business.

They were divided into two bodies, Burns commanding one and Tonga the other, Philip remaining commander-in-chief.

Each battalion was to have twenty guns each, the rest being spearmen.

It can readily be perceived what a formidable military establishment in that far off isle, Philip had organized. It would not be formidable to one of similar kind, but of their neighbors, they could whip ten times their number.

The maidens of the tribe came out daily to witness the parades, and their shouts of admiration were calculated to stimulate the bucks.

Among those who attended Natai was a tall, handsome maiden, the daughter of a brother of Natai's father—her first cousin, to whom Burns took quite a fancy, much to the delight of Natai.

Her cousin seemed so full of reverence for the two white men that Burns could not induce her to stand in his presence and let him talk with her, until Natai, at his request, instructed her to sit by his side and talk to him.

She could scarcely understand a word he said, but like a true daughter of Eve, she jabbered away at him at a fearful rate.

"Shiver my timbers, lass," he said, "but I wish I knew what you were saying. I've got an idea you would make a good mate; but if you are going to do all the talking on board ship, you won't do."

The maiden chattered away like a magpie and he couldn't get a word in edgewise.

"Blarst my eyes, if she doesn't blow a gale," exclaimed the old sailor.

She never let up a second and the old salt sung out in stentorian tones:

"Avast there! Batten down that hatch!"

She looked frightened and instantly hushed, keeping as close as a clam for the next ten minutes.

"Now it is smooth water again," he said, stealing an arm around her waist.

"Belay there, mate," cried Philip, laughing, who was watching with Natai. "Breakers ahead!"

"Then I'll port my helm," he said, arising and leaving the girl to herself.

It turned out on investigation that the girl had understood from Natai that Burns wanted her to talk to him, and she did her best to do so.

Philip fairly rolled in convulsions when he heard how the case stood, and Burns himself joined in with him good-naturedly. Natai explained more fully to her cousin, and the maiden herself enjoyed the joke as well as any.

Natai had made up her mind that Burns should marry her cousin, and therefore insisted that she should reside with her. She explained the difference between being the wife of one of Boloo's people and that of a native.

But during all this time not a word was said to Burns as to her designs upon him.

Thus matters were progressing when news came that a dozen large canoes were seen approaching the island from the east side.

Philip called in Tonga and asked what tribe lived over in that direction. The young chief said that there were a few barren isles out that way, and a few larger ones many miles beyond of which they knew nothing.

"Mustering your men!" said Philip to Burns and Tonga, "and we will march down in that direction and see who they are."

The men were soon under arms and eager to be led down to the beach on the east side, ten miles away.

When they reached the coast the strangers had landed.

There were five or six hundred of them, huge, stalwart fellows, well armed with clubs and spears.

The Tahaios looked upon them with terror, but Boloo assured them that he would give them the victory.

He sent Tonga forward with a small guard to see who they were.

They answered in a strange tongue and hurled a spear at him.

He retreated back to the main army and reported that they were strangers never heard of before.

Philip then ordered up his guns and marched ahead with them. His white skin seemed to surprise the strangers, but the big chief charged upon him with upraised club.

Philip fired and a dead savage rolled upon the ground.

The report and execution caused a wild yell to burst from them.

He then poured shot after shot into them, bringing down a man every time.

Taking up their dead chief, they slowly retreated toward their canoes.

"Chargel" Philip cried and a thousand native Tohaio warriors charged in two solid bodies, with their spears fixed like a regular bayonet charge.

The strangers seemed to know that they were natives and yelled defiance.

But the charge swept them into the sea. Such a bristling wall of spears they had never seen before, so they could not face it. The battle became a slaughter and the sea became red with the blood of the victims.

CHAPTER XIX.

A WRANGLE.

The signal victory over the invaders brushed away forever any doubts the Tohaios might have had relative to Philip's being the genuine Boloo. They had never heard of such a battle before, and they attributed everything to Boloo and Burns.

The victory was celebrated for nearly a week, by feasting, dancing and games. In drilling they never tired, and Philip finally came to the conclusion that they would charge full tilt on the best-drilled army in the world if he would only say so.

After a while things settled down into their usual order, and Natai began again to introduce the subject of Burns' marriage to her cousin. Philip promised her to bring it about, and at once suggested the same to Burns.

The old sailor agreed, and the next day was set for the ceremony, which Natai made as brilliant as possible. The young bride was too happy to contain herself; she sang and danced as lively as the liveliest.

One day Philip was out in his canoe fishing, when he saw a large canoe full of dusky natives round a point and make direct for him.

He did not take very particular notice of them until they were within canoe length of him, as he had a large fish of some kind on his line.

Suddenly, however, he noticed something strange about their movements, and giving them a close scrutiny, discovered that they were not Tohaios, but some other tribe of South Sea Islanders, in war-paint and fierce-looking.

He dropped his line and seized his oars, but with a yell they dashed their large canoe against his smaller one, upset it, and spilled him in the water.

"You blasted sons of sea sharks!" he muttered, as he spurted water from his mouth, "I'd like to have a chance at you for this!"

"Boloo—Boloo!" cried the excited savages, eagerly seizing him by the arms and legs, and lifting him bodily into the canoe, where they seated him in their midst with a tenderness that puzzled him.

"What the devil do you lubbers mean, anyway?" he demanded, seeing them turn the canoe around and pull with all their might away from the island. "Turn her the other way! Port your helm, you lubber!"

But they pulled all the harder, and jabbered back at him in a dialect different from the Tonga tongue. He could only recognize the word "Boloo" in all they said:

Fearing that they meant to take him away with him, probably for a feast on some neighboring isle, he decided to fight, preferring to die in sight of his own home and wife, and Philip Peyton.

He seized the one nearest him and hurled him into the sea as if he had been nothing more than a ten-year-old boy. His strength was prodigious, and the feat seemed to excite the wonder of those in the canoe, who, strange to say, did not stop to pick up their comrade, though they were at least three miles from shore.

"Tack ship, ye sons of sea cooks, or by the great whale I'll cast you overboard!" and seizing another, he hurled him headlong into the sea, and stranger still, the fellow made no resistance whatever.

This made them pull all the harder, crying out in excited voices:

"Boloo!—Boloo!—Boloo!"

"Shiver my timbers!" cried the old salt, rolling up his sleeves and laying about him with his brawny fists. "I'll clear the deck, and scuttle the craft! Belay, there, you lubber!" and giving a dusky warrior a blow on the nose, he flattened it out like a pancake, and set the red blood coursing down his black body in a copious stream.

Still they rowed with all their might, sending the long, narrow canoe through the water like a thing of life.

Burns was puzzled beyond expression at this strange conduct on the part of savage cannibals, and became still more alarmed. He noticed them growing more and more excited, and looking back apprehensively towards Tohaio.

He turned around and looked away toward the island.

What he saw gladdened his heart and filled his soul with hope.

The whole population seemed to be running down to the beach, and four canoes were coming in hot pursuit, and every minute or so another canoe, crowded with men, darted out in the chase until a dozen or more were strung out in the race, all pulling as if for dear life.

"Shiver my timbers if it ain't a stern chase! Lay to, ye lubbers!" and seizing a war club which he suddenly espied in the bottom of the canoe he aimed a blow at the unprotected head of the one in front of him.

Just as he was going to bring it down and forever settle the fellow's status in the next world, the one behind him arose up, snatched the club from his hand and threw it overboard.

"Go get it, you lubber!" exclaimed Burns, dealing him a blow on the jaw that sent him overboard in a flash, and the next instant he hurled another one after him.

This was making a decided impression on the crew, four men overboard and a fifth one with a nose out of joint. The chief at the helm said something in his unintelligible jargon, and the entire crew laid in their oars, arose to their feet, and threw themselves upon him.

CHAPTER XX.

ABDUCTING A GOD.

Burns struggled heroically, striking right and left with his brawny fists, making a savage grunt at every blow.

But they were too many for him.

They overpowered and bore him to the bottom of the canoe, where they bound him hand and foot with rawhide thongs, rendering him perfectly helpless.

He raved and swore with all the volubility of an old salt, struggling in vain to free his limbs.

But he could see from the anxious looks on their faces, and the terrible strain at the oars, that Philip and the Tohaios were pressing them hard.

"Boloo is coming," he muttered, "and they don't like it. Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed, "they are afraid they won't have time to oust me before the Tohaios will be upon them. Pull, ye devils, but it won't do ye any good. You'd find me tough eating, anyhow."

They pulled until their bodies steamed with perspiration, and hours seemed to pass, with nothing but the steady splash of the oars sounding in his ears as he lay there at the bottom of the canoe.

Suddenly he heard the Tohaios' war whoop a long way off, but it had a volume and power to it that betokened earnestness and quick pursuit.

His captors made no response save to pull harder, if possible. Their faces were now turned anxiously in another direction—the one in which they were going.

A half hour later the canoe struck the sandy beach of an island, and the savages sprang out and carried Burns with them.

He quickly turned his head and looked out to sea, and there saw over a dozen large canoes full of the Tohaios in full pursuit, coming as fast as their oars could bring them.

They were not more than a mile away, and a very few minutes more would land them on the beach.

Around him were hundreds of fierce warriors, armed with clubs and spears, greatly excited, jabbering and looking at their white prisoner with the most unbounded astonishment, mingled with fear and wonder.

They let him remain but a minute or two on the beach, when they cut the thongs that bound his feet so he could walk. Two placed themselves on each side, and two behind him. Then, at a signal, they commenced to run with him, giving him no chance to resist or in any way impede their progress, though he made several efforts to do so.

As they advanced inland he saw hundreds of warriors hurrying toward the beach, great, fierce, savage-looking fellows, by far the ugliest and most repulsive-looking ones he had ever seen yet.

"They'll have a fight," he said to himself, "and the commodore will make 'em sick on buckshot. What the devil makes them scud along this way for? There! They're at it!" and the report of the shotguns of Philip's bodyguard reverberated far and wide through the woods.

The savages stopped to listen.

Another volley, followed by the terror-stricken savages' yells, and the runners looked inquiringly at their prisoner's person.

"Boloo—Boloo—Boloo?" they asked eagerly.

"Yes, I'm Boloo," replied Burns, nodding his head, and making gestures for them to unloose his arms, which they did, cutting the thongs with knives made of flint.

"That's all right. Now let's go back and take a hand in the fight."

Of course they could not understand a word he said. But he made motions as if he would fight and to his surprise they seemed delighted, prostrating themselves on the ground before him and placing their necks under his foot.

"Great whales!" he exclaimed, remembering Philip's explanation of the Tohaios' actions when he first met them, "they think I am Boloo and want to make me chief! I haven't a gun on deck to scare them with, and if I don't get back soon they'll find out I don't own thunder and lightning and eat me for a sprat. Whew! They are at it now!" and hearing the uproar of battle on the beach below, he turned and ran in that direction.

The sun was setting, casting slanting rays across the island when Burns burst out of the woods and went careering down the hill toward the Tohaios.

Philip saw him and set up a cheer, in which the Tohaios joined with a will.

"Charge!" cried Philip at the top of his voice, and fully three hundred Tohaios charged on five times that number of the enemy.

But they went in a solid line three deep, with a bristling wall of spears ten feet in front of them. Such a sight filled the enemy with dismay, and they were swept away like chaff before the wind. On—on they pushed, Tonga in command, Philip and his bodyguard bringing up the rear, and the panic-stricken savages flying before them.

Philip grasped the old sailor's hand as they met, saying: "They had you in a tight place, mate."

"Ay, sir. I thought they had me scuttled at one time."

"How did you get away from them?"

"They towed me up into the woods there, sir, and laid down on the ground, and put my foot on their dirty necks. I heard you repelling boarders and ran away. I'm on deck now, sir, and ready for action."

"Yes, they thought you were the god Boloo, and wanted you to reign over them as I do over the Tohaios. That's what the fellow, whom you threw overboard said. We picked one of them up."

"Great whales! Why didn't they say so, then?" exclaimed Burns in surprise.

"Probably they did, but you could not understand them."

"Well, I did hear them say Boloo several times, and noticed that they didn't seem to want to hurt me."

"Oh, no; they wanted a Boloo to lead them. Just look at Tonga there! What splendid soldiers these Tohaios would make! Just look at that charge. They sweep the deck!"

The old sailor seized a spear and wanted to join the Tohaios, and have a hand in the fight; but Philip restrained him, saying:

"You must keep near me, as we are both of the same race. They regard us as superior beings, and that our presence gives them the victory. We must keep them that way."

"You may be right, commodore, but I'd like to board 'em with this pike, and clear the deck of the lubbers."

"Tonga is doing that finely. We'll keep close behind him to give him the benefit of a volley if they should crowd him too close. Why, it seems as if they are getting more numerous. Just look at 'em as they pour out of that woods there!" and running up to Tonga, he told him to push on and keep his men steady on the line.

The Tohaios pushed on; the savages having always fought individually were unprepared for the wall of bristling pikes that swept down upon them with such irresistible force. So they were compelled to retreat with terrible loss.

Night coming on, Philip gave the order to halt, and the enemy halted likewise.

"Scatter 'em with a volley," and thirty loads of buckshot sent them howling into the woods.

"Now, back to the canoes," he cried; and the column wheeled and marched back to the canoes, where they embarked to return to Tohaio.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PIRATE.

The Tohaios returned without the loss of a man, and though it was long past midnight when they landed, they had a jubilee in honor of the victory over the Ujii Islanders.

They sang songs and beat on their outlandish drums until sunrise, and the women kept up the dancing nearly all the day.

Burns wanted to get a case of the brandy in Philip's house and treat the leaders who had distinguished themselves in the fight, but Philip flatly refused to allow it, not even allowing him to have any except on the morning of the regular seventh day when Natai gave him his usual allowance of grog.

The Ujii were a powerful tribe on an island to the south of Tohaio, who had heard of the Boloo of the Tohaios, and of the destruction of the hated Kailos. They resolved to capture Philip, and set him up as their chief and Boloo, and under his leadership conquer all the South Sea islands.

These facts the Tohaios learned from the prisoner they picked up in the water, where Burns had thrown him.

The old sailor could now understand their very strange conduct toward him, both in the canoe and on the land.

"The blarsted lubbers!" he growled, "must have sent spies over here to spy out the crew."

"Of course they did," and Philip laughed. "So you see the wisdom of keeping a bodyguard well armed all the time about you."

"Ay, sir. If I'd had some guns with me they'd never got their grappels on me."

"Don't go so far from shore next time, mate," cautioned Philip.

"I wanted more sea room, commodore."

Philip laughed good-naturedly, and went down to the beach to see the natives kill sharks.

Strange to say, his crusade against the sharks, begun at first for the purpose of giving the Tohaios some kind of employment, developed into a business, as many old warriors made it a point to accumulate as many skins as possible, getting them by purchase, when not obtainable otherwise.

Under this stimulus over 10,000 per week were killed, and the Tohaios forgot all about making war on their neighbors.

Years sped on, and Philip grew stronger in his government, his beard reaching to his waist.

Natai had borne him eight children, and was a happy wife and mother, as Philip steadily refused to take any other wife, saying that one mistress of a household was enough.

But the old sailor Burns, now gray as a badger, had taken a dozen wives.

One day Tonga, who was now a middle-aged man, faithful and true as steel, came running in to say that a great canoe with wings was coming in.

Quick as a flash Philip and Burns were on their feet and ran out to see what it was.

"A sail—a sail!" cried they both, tears of joy streaming down their bronzed faces.

There, not more than a mile from shore, floated a rakish-looking craft, whose build and general appearance denoted anything else than a merchantman.

She was floating gently nearer in shore, and, when only the fourth of a mile away, dropped anchor and lowered a boat.

"They have seen our signal afloat, mate!" cried Philip, joyfully, "and are coming after us. Ha, ha, ha, ha! We shall see our native land again!"

Philip was beside himself with joy. He laughed and cried by turns, the natives around him not knowing what to make of his actions.

Suddenly the old sailor Burns, who had been looking at the vessel through an old spy-glass, turned around, and said: "Commodore, she's a pirate!"

"What!" cried Philip, starting as if stung.

"She's a pirate, sir," repeated the old sailor, handing him the glass. "Look for yourself. No merchantman ever carries such a crew as that. There's a hundred of 'em, sir."

Philip seized the spy-glass and clapped it to his eye.

Fully a hundred fierce-looking wretches crowded the deck of the vessel, while a score of them scrambled over the side into the boat, all armed to the teeth.

"Yes, they are pirates," he said, and then, after a pause, remarked: "We must capture that vessel, mate."

"Great whales, commodore," gasped Burns.

"Tonga, order your men to form in the woods out there, and to lie down till I give the word to charge."

Tonga hurried away, and in a few minutes had over two thousand spearmen concealed in the dense wood beyond the town, waiting for the order from Boloo to charge.

The pirates landed and marched up the hill, armed with pistols and cutlasses, scattering the women and children as they went, making direct for the spot where the large piece of sail cloth floated in the breeze.

They felt emboldened by the absence of any men—only a few old men being seen by them.

When they reached the top of the hill they were surprised at seeing such a large native village. They went direct to Philip's house, it being the largest and most pretentious in sight.

Philip came out to meet them.

A big burly pirate stepped forward and asked:

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"I am an American sailor," he replied, "wrecked in a storm here some twenty years ago."

The man repeated his words in Spanish to his commander, who frowned menacingly, saying:

"What have we to do with that? We want water and fruit. Tell him to summon his women, and make 'em fill the casks for the Terror."

"Yes, of course," said Philip, when the interpreter had repeated the pirate's words to him. "He can have fruit and water in abundance. We have plenty of both. Tell him to bring his crew ashore and have two or three oxen roasted, and see the young women dance in the moonlight."

"Yes—that's good," said the pirate chief, with a leering grin on his face, "roast beef and pretty women. We'll have a night of it, Pedro, and give these fools an idea of what kind of devils we are. Yes, let's have the roast oxen."

Philip at once sent out several women to tell Tonga to keep his men out of view, except about twenty, whom he wished sent to him at once, and other women to drive up several fat cows, which he ordered to be killed.

When night came on, five large cows were roasting over large fires, and the entire crew, save two men, had come ashore from the Terror to make a night of it.

They brought a keg of brandy with them, and long ere the beef was ready to be eaten many of them were drunk, and very insulting to the women.

Philip had ordered two or three hundred young women to dance for the pirates, in order to lull any suspicion that might arise, and the ruse was successful, for, while nearly every one was making love to a dusky maiden, Philip gave the signal, and Tonga's men rushed upon them with their spears, and in two minutes every man of them were either dead or prisoners. They didn't have a chance to draw even a cutlass or pistol, but were run through and pinned to the ground like so many helpless worms.

About a dozen, including the chief, were captured, overpowered, without firing a shot.

"What does this mean?" cried the chief, in Spanish, which Burns understood, and replied:

"It means you're boarded, you blasted son of a sea pirate, and that you'll swing at the yard-arm, or else walk the plank."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RESCUED MAIDENS.

Philip and Burns were beside themselves with joy at the success of their strategy, and were exceedingly anxious to secure possession of the brig before the two men on board suspected anything.

"How many men are on board?" Burns asked of the pirate chief.

"Enough to blow you out of the water if you attempt to board her," was the reply.

But they had heard that only two were left on board, and therefore resolved to make the effort to secure possession.

Leaving Tonga in charge of the prisoners, and telling the natives to pitch in and eat the roast beef, Philip took twenty of his bodyguard, divided them into two parties, placing one under Burns and commanding the other himself, set out in two canoes to capture the Terror.

Burns took the starboard and Philip the larboard side, and made no answer when hailed by the two men on board, but commenced scrambling up the sides of the brig as fast as they could, pouring over the deck like so many rats.

True to sailor instincts one of the pirates ran to one of the guns, a long brass 24-pounder, and fired it, a signal to the captain and crew on shore.

But he was cut down ere the echoes of the cannon had ceased reverberating, and Philip was in full possession of the vessel.

"Hooray—hooray—hooray!" yelled Burns, wildly dancing about the deck, throwing up his palm leaf hat, and otherwise acting like a young child in his excessive joy. "Commodore, we have a navy now, and can sail the sea again."

Philip was so overcome that he was compelled to sit down and compose himself. The thought that now he could return to his native land after twenty years among the savages seemed so like a dream that he could not realize it at first.

While Philip was sitting there Burns ran below into the captain's room, which was luxuriously fitted up, and there discovered two young women cowering and trembling as if in dread of something.

His uncouth appearance, being only half-clad in goat skins, of course alarmed them.

"Don't jump overboard, ladies," he said. "No harm shall come to you, for we know you are not pirates!"

"Pirates!" exclaimed the elder of the two, springing to her feet. "Are you not a pirate?"

"Shiver my timbers, lass, but I've killed five bloody pirates to-night, and now we've got the ship!"

With a cry of joy she ran forward, and threw her arms around his neck, while the younger one wept for joy.

"Below there!" cried the honest old sailor, wiping tears from his eyes. "I've sprung a leak."

"Oh, you have saved us!" cried the elder, dropping down on a luxurious sofa, and bursting into a flood of tears.

Burns wheeled around, and ran back up on deck.

"Commodore," he cried, "two lasses for passengers below!"

Philip instantly sprang to his feet, and ran below, leaving Burns in charge of the deck.

"Ladies," he said, bursting into the cabin. "you are safe. The pirates are either all dead or prisoners."

"Thank heaven!" they both cried, still weeping for joy.

"How came you here?" he said, approaching the eldest of the two.

"We were captured a week ago, and all the crew and passengers murdered but us—sister and me. Our poor father was made to walk a plank into the sea before our eyes. The chief kept us for himself, he said. Is he dead, sir?"

"No; he is my prisoner, though."

"Oh, thank heaven for that. He can't get away, sir?"

"No—not alive."

"How in the world did you capture such a fierce lot of men?"

"Lady, I have been twenty years castaway on that island out there, wrecked in the ill-fated Aurora. I saved some guns and ammunition out of the wreck. The noise of the guns and the execution they did made the natives believe I was the god of thunder and lightning, so they chose me to be their chief when the old chief died, and here I have been ever since. I have a companion, the one you saw in here just now. We saw to-day that this vessel was a pirate, and so planned to capture it. We surprised and captured the crew on shore to-night, and then came out to the vessel and overpowered the guard."

"Oh, heaven be praised," and the two sisters seemed too happy to contain themselves.

"Make yourselves perfectly comfortable in your minds," said Philip. "I have twenty natives on board, but they are faithful fellows who will do you no harm. As soon as we can train enough of them to assist us in managing the brig, we will set sail for New York and leave this part of the world forever."

"Can't we go ashore to-night, sir?"

"No; I don't think it would be prudent to do so. I will remain myself with a strong guard, and to-morrow you can go and see the natives."

"We can go on deck, can we not?"

"Oh, yes; to every part of the ship you like."

When they reached the deck Philip saw that Burns had thrown the two dead pirates over to the sharks and washed up the blood.

The dark, swarthy natives stood on either side like so

many statues, holding their guns as though they were part of themselves.

The full moon revealed the dusky savages to the two rescued maidens, and the sight filled them with fear, as they were naked except a breech clout which each wore.

"Have no fear, ladies," said Philip. "Those fellows would lay down their lives for you. They are my body guards who have fought in a hundred battles with natives on the neighboring islands, and never lost a fight."

"Dear me, they must be very brave."

"They know not what fear is. I have only to tell them to charge, and they would march into a sea of flame."

Philip then spoke to the guard in their native tongue, with which he was now pretty familiar, and told them that they were Boloo women.

The guards instantly laid down their arms, prostrated themselves on the deck, and placed the pretty slippered feet of the two sisters on their necks.

"There!" said Philip. "That makes them your slaves for life. You can trust them after that."

"What a strange people they are!"

"Yes, and if they could be civilized they would make a good people, too, as I have found some splendid traits of character among them. But, ladies, do you know if there are any clothes on board that will fit my comrade and myself?"

"I think the pirate chief has a very fine wardrobe," said the younger sister, "as I noticed he wore several different suits in the last few days."

Philip then went down into the captain's cabin and to his private quarters, and broke open his chest. There he found plenty of fine clothing, rich uniforms of naval officers of various nations, and many splendid jewels.

He resolved to put on the uniform of the British navy—that of an admiral, resplendent in gold and velvet, with sword, hat and plume to match.

When he had done that he took a pair of scissors, trimmed his beard to a decent shape, and then requested the elder of the two sisters to cut his hair. She did so, and a handsomer-looking man was never seen on the deck of any ship.

When he went on deck wearing a pair of boots which he found in the chief's quarters, though two sizes too large for him, Burns did not know him until he spoke.

"Shiver my timbers, admiral!" cried the old tar, "but ye deserve promotion for your capture."

"Go below, captain, and put on your uniform," said Philip pleasantly, "and then we'll go ashore."

"Is it a captain I am!" cried Burns, in a glorious humor, and he darted below to once more get into the habiliments of civilization.

Philip went down and assisted him, taking the scissors and trimming his hair and beard to the proper length, finding a pair of huge buccaneer boots and a brilliant uniform for him, sword, hat, and plume, in all of which he stalked on deck as proud as a peacock.

The guard looked on these transformations with undisguised astonishment, which Philip and the ladies enjoyed with relish.

In a week's time Philip concluded to take a sail around the island.

He took Natai and her children with him.

The crew acted splendidly and Burns said that he believed that he could make the voyage with them.

However, Philip thought that they had better see a month's service on board before starting with them.

In the meantime he took a dozen canoes and went over to his old home on the island, and brought away everything that would be of use to the Tahaios. He gave Tonga everything except the cases of brandy, including a large quantity of powder and ball, in the use of which he had long since initiated him.

"Tonga," he said to the faithful fellow, "I am going away to be gone a long time and you must be chief until I come back. You know what I have done to make the Tahaios great and powerful. Don't make war on any island unless in self-defense. Never let one of the guard shoot a gun unless it be at an enemy. Kill all the sharks. Live peaceably among yourselves and keep a lookout for the big canoe with wings."

Tonga promised to do as he was told, knowing that the Tahaios would obey him as the representative of the Boloo.

When the time came for them to sail, Philip brought Natai and her children on board. The two young ladies had altered some of their dresses so as to fit her and her daughters;

they also altered clothing to fit the boys, and now they appeared in the garb of civilization.

Burns having laid in water and provisions for the voyage, fired a salute and sailed away, with all the population of Tohaio gazing after them.

The prisoner asked to be put ashore on an island where there were animals and fresh water, and Philip did so, giving him an axe, a hatchet, gun and ammunition, and a few other articles, telling him if he could see a sail to claim to be a castaway, and thus get back into the civilized world again.

The man did not seem to be the least appalled at his situation, but, on the contrary, was cheerful.

The Terror then set sail for New York, every soul on board being happy.

But, when rounding the Horn, Natai suddenly sickened and died, leaving Philip and eight children to mourn her loss. Philip was really attached to her, and mourned sincerely for her. She was buried at sea.

In due time they reached New York, where Philip reported to the proper authorities, and told the story of his adventures, and the capture of the vessel and the pirates.

The publication of his story brought many of his old friends to see him, some whose faces he recognized, and others whose names he still remembered.

He stopped at a hotel and was about to employ a detective to hunt up his guardian and sister, when a finely dressed lady alighted from a carriage, entered the ladies' parlor and asked to see him.

"Philip! brother!" cried she as he entered the room, rushing into his arms and kissing him.

"Nellie! sister!" he murmured, holding her at arm's length and gazing into her handsome face. "Yes, you are Nellie!" and pressing her to his heart, he kissed her again.

"Uncle Philip!" cried a pretty sixteen-year-old miss, clinging to his arm. "I love you, too. I am your niece, Nellie!"

"Ah, you are married, Nellie?" said Philip, kissing the girl tenderly.

"No; I am a widow—been one for two years."

"Whom did you marry, Nellie?"

"Our guardian, Mr. Thorne."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, Philip, and he was one of the kindest and best of husbands. He has kept your fortune intact, and it has more than doubled since you went away."

"Then I shall be a rich man, for I brought a fortune home with me," said Philip, good-humoredly. "But I have eight children to divide it among."

"Eight children."

"Yes, and their mother was a princess of the blood royal."

In a few days they came ashore, Nellie having invited them and the Misses Dupont to stay at their elegant home.

Of course, they attracted a great deal of attention, and in a month tutors were employed to teach them English.

In the meantime, Philip had the vessel sold and also the treasure, on joint account with Burns, the sale bringing a large sum. They both presented the two sisters with \$10,000 each, to indemnify them for what they had lost.

"Miss Alice," said Philip to the elder of the two sisters, "you have been a good mother to my children on the voyage. I would like to give you my whole fortune, but you would have to take me with it, which I suppose you would not like to do."

"Indeed, you are mistaken, sir," said she. "I would rather have you taken the fortune," and her face flushed excitedly as she spoke.

"Then I will send for the minister at once," he said, happy beyond expression.

Nellie sent for her pastor that evening and a quiet wedding was the result.

Miss Alice Dupont became Philip's wife and the step-mother of the eight children.

Both he and Burns bought farms side by side up the Hudson, where they spent their time sailing on the river or sporting with the children of Natai and Alice, talking over the eventful period of Twenty Years on an Island.

Next week's issue will contain "COLORADO CARL; OR, THE KING OF THE SADDLE."

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HELP YOUR COUNTRY!

CHILDREN IN A WAR-GARDEN WINDOW.

One merchant in Texas who is making a window display along war-garden lines used kindergarten children with little hoes and rakes, having them go through the motions of planting a garden. This novel window was devised by a piano house.

GETTING FLOUR BY A TRICK.

A retail grocer in St. Louis reports a trick devised by consumers to obtain wheat flour without an equal amount of substitutes. According to the Interstate Grocer, wheat flour and corn meal are ordered delivered, and when delivery is made the driver is told to take back the corn meal because it is "too coarse." As soon as this transparent device came to his attention that particular grocer instructed drivers to bring back both wheat flour and corn meal.

MAN AGED 58 ENLISTS IN U. S. GUARD UNIT.

Presenting a faded honorable discharge from the army written on sheepskin and dated 1886, John B. Landis, of Springfield, Ill., aged fifty-eight, has enlisted in the United States Guards. He is a veteran of Custer's famed Indian command. Although he is eighteen years beyond the age limit, recruiting officers accepted him because of his splendid physical fitness. Landis has one son in the aviation section in France.

POTATO BUTTER.

Potato butter is recommended by the British Ministry of Food as a cheap substitute for butter, being made in England at a cost of less than ten cents per pound, as follows:

"Peel the potatoes and boil until they fall to pieces and become floury. Then rub through a fine sieve into a warmed basin 14 ounces of potatoes and add 2 ounces of butter or margarine and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Stir until smooth and then mold into rolls and keep in a cool place. To make the appearance approvable use butter coloring, and if intended to keep beyond a few days a butter preservative should be added."

WATER DAMAGE TO FLOUR.

It is a well-known fact among sailors that flour will not only float after immersion in sea water, but suffers very little damage. To ascertain the actual damage, says the Northwestern Miller, a baker in New South Wales submerged a bag of flour in the ocean and left it in the water 67 hours. A 98-pound weight was necessary to sink a 150-pound bag, which would have supported 75 pounds on top of the water, it is estimated, or half its own weight. When lifted and weighed, the bag scaled 155 pounds. It was

dried for four days and yielded 120 pounds of perfectly dry flour, the bag and waste weighing 28 pounds. Baked into bread, it gave perfect results.

GARBAGE CAN

The German garbage pail before the war rarely contained more than 1 per cent. of fat, says the International Stewards' Bulletin, while in America the average for family garbage would be 3 per cent., with hotel garbage running as high as 5 per cent. A ton of garbage on a 5 per cent. basis will contain 100 pounds of fat. At least 60 per cent. of that can be kept out of the garbage by careful supervision in the kitchen. This journal states that a number of hotels in New York produce from 3 to 5 tons of garbage daily. It would be possible to save at least \$50 worth of fat daily by supervision in a hotel producing 3 tons of garbage. This can be done by instructing the help at the scrap table to save certain remnants of food that come back from the dining-room. Even the small hotel making one barrel of garbage daily, weighing 200 pounds, can save at least 6 pounds of fat. The International Stewards' Association has suggested that its branches throughout the country discuss fat saving and develop suitable methods for application in hotels and restaurants.

TEST OF A CANNED FOOD MYTH.

The popular belief that canned foods will spoil and even be dangerous if left in the tin after opening has been made the subject of a technical investigation by W. D. Bigelow, chief chemist of the National Canners' Association, whose results are reported in the American Food Journal. Canned milk is usually kept in tin until used up, sometimes for days, and shows no deterioration, and the result of laboratory tests demonstrated that a tin can differs little from a tin dish for keeping such foods, so far as wholesomeness is concerned. Cans of tomatoes, corn, string beans, sauerkraut, apples, pineapple, and pumpkin were opened and allowed to stand from one to three days, when the contents were examined chemically for increased acidity and the presence of tin and iron, as well as taste and odor. The increase in acidity was very slight in most cases, and the amounts of tin and iron infinitesimal, while taste and odor were in most cases normal. Dr. Bigelow concludes that on general principles keeping canned foods in open tins is not good housekeeping, because the can with its jagged edge is not an attractive dish, and food emptied into another dish can be kept to better advantage in cupboard and refrigerator. So far as wholesomeness is concerned, however, keeping such foods in the cans in which they are packed after opening is not harmful in any way.

SENT ON THE ROAD

OR

A SMART BOY IN BUSINESS

By J. P. RICHARDS

(A serial story)

CHAPTER VI (Continued).

"Lots!"

"Heaven help them! But we must jump in and see what we can do."

And with his unknown companion Walter jumped in, too, and worked with a will.

The fire-engines soon came, and they were chased away from their job, but not until they had pulled six persons from the ruins, two with broken limbs.

Only one building of the five which formed the Wynwood House was down, but the others burned, and Walter learned later that twenty lives were lost that night.

As for his own escape, it was but by a hair's breadth, and he acknowledged to his rescuer that he owed his life to him.

"That's all right," said the young man. "You would have done as much for me, of course. What's your name?"

"Walter Webster. What's yours?"

"Billy Welch. You are from New York?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"By your accent. But say, there's no use hanging around here. I didn't sleep much. Let you and me go and look up a room and turn in."

CHAPTER VII.

WALTER CLOSES HIS FIRST CONTRACT.

Walter had lost his grip with all his belongings, and this was serious, for they included his business literature and miniature sample blocks.

But he felt too thankful to have escaped with his life to worry about this.

Still, business must be thought of first.

Walter explained the situation to Billy Welch.

"Why don't you run a night message over to New York to have the house rush out new stuff by express?" he suggested.

"That's the idea," cried Walter, "and that's what I'll do."

"You didn't lose any money, did you?" asked Welch.

"Not a cent. I had all I own under my pillow. But where are we going? Can you recommend a good hotel which won't cost a fortune? I see now that I made a mistake by going to a bum house like the Wynwood."

"I sure can. There's the old Sherman House, corner of Clark and Randolph, that is kept up in pretty good style. It's too rich for my blood as I'm fixed at present, but as the house pays your bills, I suppose it won't matter to you."

"We will go there for to-night, anyway," said Walter. "I'll stand for the whole bill."

"Not on your life. I'm a little down at the heel but not so bad as all that."

On the way downtown Billy Welch opened up and told Walter just how he was fixed.

It appeared that the young man was a native of Chicago and had good connections there.

He had been a traveling man for several years for a firm dealing in fancy cabinet trim such as is used on buildings of the highest class.

He knew every architect from Buffalo to Denver, and claimed to be particularly well acquainted with those in Chicago.

Tiring of the road and wishing to get married, he had taken the agency for an Eastern trim house, and at his own expense fitted up a fine office on La Salle street.

To quote his own expression, his house had proved snide to the last degree. Their goods were quite worthless, and young Welch was on the point of giving up the connection and taking to the road again.

To all of this, and much more than we have even hinted at, Walter listened attentively.

If what Billy Welch said would bear investigation, then here would seem to be the very man to take C. K. Hannah's place as Chicago agent of the Bagley Building Block Co.

Walter was so deeply impressed that to his telegram to Tom Bagley he added:

"Had to break with Hannah. Think I have the right man for new agent. Shall I appoint him? Answer."

Chicago was crowded that night, and there was but one bed left at the Sherman House, which the young men were glad to occupy together.

By the time they were through breakfast next morning they had become pretty well acquainted.

Walter broached the agency scheme.

"That's just my size," he declared. "I don't know Hannah, but I have always understood that he is a rascal. I know every builder and every architect in Chicago, to say nothing of a great many owners. I don't want to throw bouquets at myself, Walter, but it does seem to me that I am just about the sort of man your house needs to represent them in this big town. Come around to my office and I'll write you a list of references. You may use the names if you like, or look me up on the outside, just whichever suits you best. If we do business you can bank on me to do it straight every time."

So they went around to Welch's office, and Walter found it up to date in every particular and in every way superior to C. K. Hannah's dirty little den on the west side.

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

HORSE MEAT SELLS.

When Gottlieb Maier opened Toledo's first horse meat shop he went at it conservatively. He slaughtered only two horses, bought at a sales stable for \$32.50 each. The end of the first day found his stock completely exhausted; he was compelled to close shop until more horses could be butchered. Maier has done a rushing business since.

Maier is convinced that horse meat is no longer considered forbidden human food and that it has come to stay as one of the important pieces de resistance of the dinner table.

Maier's horse meat prices range from 10 cents for hamburger steak to 18 cents for porterhouse.

SEVEN WEEKS NIGHT WITHOUT A LIGHT.

Imagine what the inhabitants of Vardo, on the shore of the Arctic Ocean, near the North Cape in Norway, have suffered this winter. The sun sets there at the end of November and does not rise again until the middle of January, and the Arctic night lasts for seven weeks. At midday in fine weather one can just see to read for about an hour. All the rest of the time artificial light is necessary.

There was such a shortage of coal at Vardo that the electric light works were able to furnish only half the normal supply. Therefore all parties and entertainments were forbidden, the schools were closed and every one had to live, if not in absolute darkness, at least in deep shadow.

WHY BRITISH SOLDIERS ARE "TOMMIES."

Did you know why British soldiers are called "Tommies"? It is about a hundred years since the name was first given them. And this is how it happened. One British soldier proved himself a very brave man at the Battle of Waterloo. He distinguished himself repeatedly, and attracted the attention of the Duke of Wellington. The Duke called him before him and congratulated him on his great bravery. Soon all the papers were printing his picture and accounts of his daring deeds. Before long everybody in England knew his name. It was Thomas Atkins.

So people got in the habit of calling other soldiers "Tommy Atkins" by way of complimenting them. After a while they dropped the "Atkins" and spoke of soldiers as "Tommies" simply. Kipling's stories and poems are full of references to soldiers as "Tommy Atkins."

WATER IS QUEER.

The surface of a liquid is peculiar. It behaves as if it were tough, elastic membrane stretched over the rest of the liquid. If you would like to prove this, take a tumbler of clean water and a

sewing needle, and, holding the needle horizontally between the thumb and forefinger, lay it carefully upon the surface of the water. The needle will float. This is remarkable, says L. K. G. Winston in St. Nicholas, because steel is eight times as dense as water. If the needle breaks through the surface, however, it will immediately sink.

The reason for this is simple. Every particle of water in the glass attracts every other particle. The particles below the surface are attracted on every side, hence the attraction is not apparent; but the particles on the surface are pulled down by those beneath them, while there are no particles above to counteract this effect. This produces what is known as surface tension—the tendency which all liquids have to contract as much as possible. You have seen a soap bubble, suspended from the pipe when you were not blowing it, get smaller and smaller and finally disappear. The bubble is almost entirely surface and well illustrates this tendency."

FARMER IS FLEECE OF \$5,000 ON "RACE."

Stories of large fortunes won in playing the races caused John Coon, 67 years old, a retired farmer living near Breda, Iowa, to mortgage his farm for \$5,000 and give the money to a Kansas City, Mo., man, who assured him that he would win \$35,000 if he played the smaller amount on a horse that was to run on the New Orleans track, according to the story told the police of Kansas City by Coon.

Coon said he went to Los Angeles several weeks ago and while at a hotel there overheard two men talking of the fortunes they had won playing the races. He said he was introduced to one of the men, who said his name was J. A. Butler and that he was from Kansas City and that he got straight tips on horses that would win every day.

Butler, Coon said, suggested that he go to Kansas City, and that Butler would show him men who could help him make a fortune on each race. After their arrival in Kansas City, Coon was taken to several places where he saw large amounts of money being paid to men who Butler told him were winners on races. He then suggested that Coon give him \$5,000 to play a horse that would win \$35,000 for him.

Coon went to Breda, Iowa, and mortgaged his farm for that amount, and gave it to Butler. Several hours later, he said, Coon returned to the hotel at which he was stopping and told him that he had won the race but that for him to return to his home and wait a few days while he went to New York and collected the money.

Coon returned to Breda, Iowa, where he watched each mail for three weeks without receiving word from Butler. The police now are seeking Butler.

INTERESTING TOPICS

WILD MOUNTAIN DEER GRAZE IN CITY STREETS.

The efficient protection given them by the State Game Commission and the United States Forest Service in their efforts to preserve the deer, elk, antelope and mountain sheep that roam the Colorado forests, has resulted in large herds of the animals becoming domesticated. It is no unusual sight in the towns bordering the Uncompahgre national forest in Colorado to see many of these wild animals grazing in the village streets.

ESQUIMAUX STARTED COLD STORAGE GAME.

Cold storage problems, now engaging much attention, seem to have originated about a century ago. At least the beginning of the frozen meat trade appears to have been the arrival at Harwich in January, 1816, of three Esquimaux bringing five sledges packed with cock and other game frozen and stored in airtight cases. The consignment arrived in London, and after paying \$150 in duty the three Esquimaux did so well out of the speculation that they remained in the capital enjoying themselves for several months.

"POOR" WOMAN HAD FORTUNE IN HOUSE.

Relatives of Eliza Jane Maffett, octogenarian spinster, who had lived in seclusion in an old house near Pittsburgh, Pa., for years, found a fortune in gold and silver hidden in the aged woman's home after she had been taken to a hospital.

Forty thousand dollars was discovered in various parts of the house, along with bank books showing she has nearly \$100,000 on deposit in local banks. The old woman was very eccentric and refused to accept aid from relatives here, though she was thought to be poor. She was found unconscious in the house from fumes of a gas stove.

TROUSER MYSTERY SOLVED.

A mystery has been solved and a load removed from the minds of the members of the Gibson County Conscription Board, Princeton, Ind. Several weeks ago, after 100 young men had taken the physical examination for army service, the board found a pair of trousers remaining in the dressing-room. Nobody claimed them, and, though they watched closely, the board members saw no trouserless young man going about the streets.

One day a young man from the vicinity of Lyles Station came in and claimed the trousers.

He said he had on three pairs when he came in to be examined and in the hustle and bustle of getting his numerous clothes off and on again he had overlooked one pair.

300 LEPERS ESCAPE FROM CONFINEMENT IN COLOMBIA.

Dissatisfied with the food given them, 300 lepers, confined in the colony at Agua de Dios, near Bogota, escaped from their keepers recently and have scattered to various parts of the Santander district.

The government authorities are using every means to find them and to keep them from reaching the seacoast. The lepers have been promised an increased food ration if they will return. Two hundred of the lepers are said to have gone toward Bucaramanga, near the Venezuelan border, and the others in the direction of Zapatosa, northeast of Bogota.

CANNON.

Prof. Fritz Rausenberger, an artillerist, manager of the Krupp Works and builder of the famous 42-centimeter (16 1/2-inch) gun, planned the great long-range gun, according to the Frankfort correspondent of the Nieuwe Rotterdamche Courant. He witnessed the first bombardment of Paris with the gun. The Frankfurter Zeitung declares he personally fired the first shots into Paris.

In an interview printed in the Berlin Tageblatt in February of 1916 he asserted that artillery large and powerful enough to bombard England from the Continent would certainly be produced, adding that the day of flat trajectory pieces was past and that mortars and vertical shooting artillery would be in increasing demand because the nature of modern warfare had almost done away with the necessity of shooting horizontally, it being possible to reach horizontal French lines only by shots from cannon shooting vertically.

A CLOG MAKER FALLS HEIR TO SUDDEN TREASURE.

In "The Japanese-American Commercial Weekly" one comes upon the following:

"In the Japanese city of Matsue, Izumo Province, lived an industrious maker of clogs named Jisuke Nishitani. His family had possessed, for unknown generations, a quaint manuscript on vellum, the origin of which was unknown. It occurred to the present owner that the parchment might have value. He submitted it to the Tokio Imperial University, where it was pronounced a sacred Buddhist writing of the thirteenth century. Jisuke was advised to take it to the Nichiren Sect College, where he was informed that it was an original manuscript by Nichiren (1222-1282), founder of the Hokke sect, and was done by his own hand when thirty-eight years old (1260). It was pronounced so valuable that its price was conservatively estimated at 100,000 yen (\$50,000).

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1918.

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GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

A new champion has appeared in the sweater-knitting contest, this time in the person of Mrs. L. P. Beechy, of 1827 Bryden Road, Philadelphia, who completed one in just 13 hours and 55 minutes. Mrs. Beechy has finished several sweaters for the Red Cross, and will knit more as soon as yarn can be obtained. Her speed is due to the fact that she has been an ardent knitter since her childhood days.

It is not an uncommon spectacle to see a colored man play a harmonica with his nostrils. When it is done, however, it always awakens a certain degree of wonder. Among the Filipinos, says Popular Mechanics, a flute is never played in any other way, and it would create as much surprise in that country to see a man play a flute with his mouth. Why they see fit to play with the nostrils instead of the mouth we do not know. Moreover, they do this with the greatest ease, and can play the general run of music except the very fast ragtime.

"If it were generally known, Canada's shipbuilding record in the war would surprise no one more than the enemy," says the Army and Navy Gazette of London. "Now the government is inaugurating a policy by which all Dominion yards are to receive fresh impetus with state aid. Three classes of steel ships are to be constructed, mainly of 3,000 and 5,000 tons burden, though some will be twice as large. That these new developments will greatly increase Canada's output is obvious. But from the report it seems to be assumed that the figures stand at a million and a quarter tons annually, whereas they are much larger."

An examination of the bricks and mortar in the Great Wall of China was recently made at Shan-haikwan by Mr. J. C. Witt, a chemist attached to the Bureau of Science, Manila. Mr. Witt reports that the bricks are so weak that pieces may be eas-

ily broken off with the fingers. They are much larger than ordinary building bricks, gray in color, and resemble pumice somewhat in structure. The mortar, which is pure white under the exposed surface, is much stronger than the bricks. The tradition that the bricks were dried in the sun only was confirmed by laboratory tests. If they had been dried in a kiln the appearance of the wall would have been considerably different and its strength and durability would have been much greater. The general appearance and analysis of the mortar indicate that no sand was mixed with the lime.

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

"I believe we should build more battleships. No nation can be great without a navy." "How about the Irish and the Jews? They haven't got a boat between them."

"They tell me your boy Josh is very versatile." "He is," replied Farmer Corntossel, patiently. "I never saw anybody who could do so many fool things without repeatin' hisself."

Clara—Why did you break your engagement with George? He used to bring you such delicious candy. Dora—Yes, used to; but since I accepted him, he's been bringing me the twenty-five cent kind.

Jack—I tried to teach Ethel how to play billiards last night. She's the shyest girl I ever saw. Will—How shy, for instance? Jack—Why, she blushed every time the balls kissed each other!

Johnny—Papa, would you be glad if I saved a dollar for you? Papa—Certainly, my son. Johnny—Well, I saved it for you, all right. You said if I brought a first-class report from my teacher this week you would give me a dollar, and I didn't bring it.

Teacher—The object of this lesson is to inculcate obedience. Do you know what "obey" means? Apt Pupil—"Yes, ma'am; I obey my father. Teacher—Yes, that's right. Now tell me why you obey your father. Apt Pupil—'Cause he's bigger'n me!

Tommy was at a neighbor's, and in response to the offer of a piece of bread and butter, politely said: "Thank you!" "That's right," said the lady. "I like to hear little boys say thank you." "Yes, ma told me I must say that if you gave me anything to eat, even if it wasn't nothing but bread and butter."

"Pa, is there any difference between timber and lumber?" "There is no necessary difference in kind, my son; they differ merely in degree or stage of development. For example, a man may be spoken of as good timber for some high office and yet represent nothing but lumber when he gets there."

PEARY'S BOY GUIDE

—OR—

ICEBOUND IN THE ARCTIC

By WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER V (Continued).

May was standing close to Jack, and he now suddenly turned around and gave the boy an unexpected blow with the butt of a revolver that knocked Jack senseless upon the floor.

A shriek of dismay escaped Grace, and she turned upon the two men with the anger of a tigress, and demanded in choking tones:

"What do you mean by that, you villains!"

"Just this!" exclaimed May, and he seized her, and despite her screams and struggles he flung her down and bound her wrists behind her back and tied a handkerchief over her mouth to keep her still.

The boy was served the same way, and then May cried exultantly:

"Jerry, ther game is all in our hands now!"

"Ay, ay," answered the other. "I reckon as we kin git away with ther gold an' ther gal, as long as you have fallen in love with her an' means ter marry her as soon as yer gits her back ter New York."

"Then take hold here and we'll make sure of ther gold first."

They at once took the boxes away and hid them, after which Jack was thrown into the treasure room and Grace was carried away.

An hour afterward Peary returned with some of the crew, and as they had plenty of lanterns now they went into the wreck.

The moment they reached the treasure room and saw Jack lying on the floor, bound hand and foot, they realized that there had been foul play of some kind going on.

Peary released the boy, who now had recovered, and asked him:

"For heaven's sake, Jack, what is the matter?"

"Mr. Peary, two of your crew did this."

"Who were they?"

"Grimes and Crook."

"Stole the gold?"

"Yes; and worse than that, they have got Grace."

An angry light shone in the explorer's eyes, and he exclaimed:

"This is outrageous! We must capture them and rescue the girl. We may not get the gold, lads, but that girl's life is far more valuable!"

CHAPTER VI.

FIGHTING POLAR BEARS.

Several of the men had brought weapons from the ship, and Jack got a rifle, a revolver and some cartridges from one of them.

"Mr. Peary," said he, "I know that it is almost impossible for you to leave the ship to go off on a hunt for those villains. But I am engaged to be married to that girl, and it is my business to go to her rescue. All I need is one man and these weapons, and I'll guarantee to bring Grace back alive. But I won't answer for the lives of Grimes and his pal if they have injured a hair on that girl's head."

"You may have all the men you want, Jack."

"Just one will do, sir."

"Well, suit yourself. Who shall it be?"

All the men had taken a liking to Grace, and every one present eagerly offered to accompany the boy.

But he pointed at Terry 'Hara, a rollicking young Irishman, and asked him in low, earnest tones:

"Will you go?"

"Sure, an' nuthin' would plaze me betther."

"Then arm yourself and come along."

A few moments later they took leave of the rest and set out inland over the frozen snow, upon the surface of which they could plainly see the imprints of the feet of the villains.

It led them to an ice cavern, in which they had hidden the boxes of gold, but neither of the boys suspected the fact that the gold was there.

They were so intent upon running down the fugitives that they did not go into the cave, as the tracks led them away up the coast, and they continued on.

Going over the hummocky ice was not easy, for it soon became very rough, and they had to climb over hills and descend slippery valleys.

Just then the Irish boy noticed a heavy fog bank rolling toward them from the direction of the water, and pointing at it, he said:

"D'ye moind that now?"

"Too bad!" exclaimed Jack in disgust. "It is going to hide everything from view, and make it all the harder for us to see anything."

"An' there's a snowstorrum a-comin' along behind it, Jack."

"Worse and worse!"

In a few minutes they were enveloped in the fog and went floundering along totally unable to see where they were going.

It was only a few minutes later that a blinding squall of snow struck them, and, completely blinded by the flakes, Jack exclaimed:

"Terry, we'll have to get under shelter somewhere, or we will get buried in this snow in very short time. Follow me!"

Gripping each other's hands, the two boys faced the driving snow and started off on another course, almost blown off their feet.

Quarter of an hour of this rough sort of going brought them suddenly in front of a towering mass of ice, which must evidently have been somewhere near the shore, and here they found shelter.

(To be continued.)

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

GIRL IN "NIGHTIE" ROUTS ROBBERS.

Gust O'Lein was set upon by a highwayman in an isolated spot near the river, at Great Falls, Mont. Miss Maja Harby, hearing his calls for help, ran from her home, clad only in her nightgown, and put the robbers to rout. The police are holding a suspect, who says he is innocent. Miss Harby had no weapon, and O'Lien says he thought she was a ghost and the highwayman probably did too. She is nineteen years of age and works in a bakery.

PRISONERS USED TALENTS.

Three prisoners of widely different talents used their special abilities in a clever attempt at a jail break at San Jose, Cal. Discovery by officers of the plans prevented the break.

Wallace Gladstone, who recently escaped from the Seattle jail and shot three policemen who pursued him, utilized his trade as a weaver by making a strong rope out of the jail bedclothes.

Carl Watkins, a painter by trade, made a "painter's sling" by which he and Gladstone were able to cut the skylight bars. Walter J. Norton, a singer, urged his voice to do high things while the other two hacked at the bars with a bread knife.

FOURTEEN DOGS TRIED TO RIDE WITH HIM.

The fourteen dogs of Joseph Edison, forty-eight years old, attempted to ride with him in the police ambulance that took him from his home at No. 956 Gilmore Avenue to St. Margaret's Hospital, Kansas City, Mo. Failing in this the entire fourteen followed the ambulance until they were outdistanced.

Edison and his fourteen dog friends have been living in a one-room house equally divided between a bedroom and a kennel for the dogs. Food brought Edison during the last few weeks by neighbors has been shared by him with his dogs. Time after time he was urged to leave them behind and go to a hospital and be treated for his heart disease, but he refused unless the dogs could accompany him or be given a good home. Finally Dr. E. D. Williams, County Physician, ordered him to the hospital.

OVERALLS FOR SKIRTS.

Thirty-five girls employed at the plant of the Hercules Buggy Company, in Evansville, Ind., will don overalls this week to wear at their work. Many of the girls who took the places of men who now are fighting in France or are at some military cantonment have found that skirts interfere with their work. A mass meeting of the girls was held recently at the factory, and by a unanimous vote it was decided that they should discard skirts for overalls. A few girls and women have worn overalls in their homes and gardens, but this will be the first

time members of the sex have worn them in an Evansville factory. The overalls to be worn will be uniform in style. They will be made of blue chambray cloth, cut in bloomer style, and gathered at the ankles. With them the girls will wear waists cut in the fashion of a bungalow apron.

EXPLOSIVE BULLETS FOUND ON AUSTRIANS.

Dr. Robert Wallace of Louisville told the members of the Louisville Medical Club recently about the use of explosive bullets by the Austrians in the battles at the Jadar and the Tser. Serbian soldiers returning from the front testified that when the enemy shot bullets at them they heard two explosions—the dry sound of the bullet at its entrance and another which occurred behind or before them. They found in the cartridge boxes of the Austrian prisoners cartridges externally like the ordinary, with a black or red band around the powder at the neck. On opening this it was found to be an explosive bullet the use of which is forbidden in the rules of war conventions. Afterward the Serbian army not only found such cartridges on the prisoners they captured but also discovered entire full chests of such; also cartridge cases with explosive balls. Inscribed on the cartons containing the charges were the words, "Einchusspatronen," "10 Stuck, scharfe Uebungspatronen." They came from the slate factory at Wellersdorf, near Vienna, and the base of the shell had the date 1912 and the Austrian double eagle.

The cartridge held a normal charge of powder. The ball was arranged thus: The case contained lead at the point and at the base of the bullet. The anterior part contained, besides, a cylindric container surrounded by tinfoil. Analysis in the laboratory of Kragujewatz showed it to be filled with a mixture of heavy black powder with some aluminum. At the bottom of the container had been put an explosive of fulminate of mercury. Behind the first container was another of steel enclosed in a lubricant of an alloy of copper and zinc, in which was fixed a percussion cap. If in its course the bullet is stopped by something, for instance, bone or wood, the percussion cap, driven by the acquired rapidity, strikes the explosive and so causes the explosion of the powder and the expulsion of the bullet. Depending on the regulation of the lubricant, whether it is more or less strongly fixed, allowing the percussion cap to function more or less quickly, the explosion occurs immediately where the bullet meets the least obstruction or only when its momentum is strongly diminished—those characteristics of explosive bullets till now only used in the chase after thick-skinned animals.

ADAM'S TEASER PUZZLE.

This is a nut cracker. The way to do it is as follows: Turn the top of the two small loops toward you, taking hold of the two large loops with each hand. Hold firm the loop held with the left hand and pull the other toward the right, and at the same time impart a twisting motion away from you. You can get the rest of the directions with the puzzle. Price 12 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

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From five cards three are mentally selected by any one, placed under an ordinary handkerchief, performer withdraws two cards, the ones not selected; the performer invites any one to remove the other two, and to the great astonishment of all they have actually disappeared. No sleight-of-hand. Recommended as the most ingenious card trick ever invented. Price 16c. by mail postpaid.

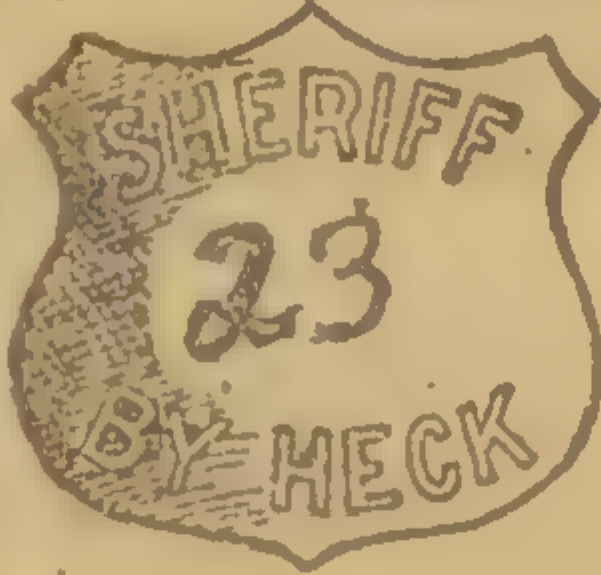
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German Dastardly Plots Exposed

By WILLIAM J. FLYNN, Who Has Just Retired as Chief of

THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE

COMMENCING in the June issue of "Thompson's Magazine," there is printed the exposure of a number of the most dastardly, murderous plots of the Imperial German Government that the world has ever known. In fact, they are so horrible that we home-loving American citizens can scarcely comprehend the possibilities of men who outwardly appear like gentlemen but conduct themselves worse than the most inhuman savages.

The June issue will give you absolute facts authorized, authenticated and proved by the man who was the Chief of the United States Secret Service at the time these terrible acts were planned and perpetrated.

The first plot was the sinking of the steamship "Lusitania." Over a thousand innocent Americans drowned in the Atlantic, while the U-boat crews circled around snickering with glee! The thing seemed impossible. Yet it was true. The shining lights of America's financial, theatrical, and literary world had gone to death. Included were Alfred Vanderbilt, Charles Klein, Elbert Hubbard, Charles Frohman and 1216 other innocent victims. Thus was the awful truthfulness proven of the most horrible debased ambition of the Imperial German Government! What is still more awful and which thoroughly proves how far ahead this terrible sea murder was planned, a medal to commemorate the event on one side of which was a picture of the "Lusitania" was distributed in Germany two days before its destruction.

We shall show that from the moment the "Lusitania" left New York until May 7, 1915, the day she was sunk, she was constantly under observation by German spies, and the German war lords knew exactly her location every moment until she was struck down. She was doomed from the start, there was no escape for this peaceful unarmed ship on a perfectly lawful voyage.

We will show the manner in which the Atlantic Ocean was charted so that with the assistance of the German spy system and wireless telegraphy these sea murderers were constantly informed as to the exact location of the "Lusitania" as she wended her way across the ocean.

We will prove that false affidavits were prepared on the instruction of Count Von Bernstorff to try and proclaim that the "Lusitania" carried contraband and that the sinking was therefore justifiable.

The next plot which will be exposed in the June issue will be the so-called "Naval Ball Conspiracy" in the spring of 1915. Our Naval Fleet was in the New York Harbor, consisting of the most magnificent and powerful battleships in the world. To look at this fleet was an inspiring and beautiful sight. To think these truly home-loving people who were reviewing this magnificent sight from their peaceful shores were to be the prey of another unscrupulous nation! We had murderers in our midst—murderers dressed in the guise of gentlemen, at heart worse than any murderers who had ever sat in electric chair or hung at the end of a rope!

Those of you who have been in New York City know Central Park, and that is bounded on the south by Fifty-ninth street. Overlooking the park are some of the most representative Clubs of America. Of course, the Germans crowded in here and had their clubhouse. The watchful eye of our government and a number of patriotic loyal citizens had this clubhouse and its frequenters under surveillance. Ambassador Johann Von Bernstorff, Karl Boy-Ed, naval attache, Dr. Heinrich Albert, fiscal attache, and Franz Von Papen were frequenters here.

The means will be disclosed in our next issue of how our government ascertained that within this magnificent clubhouse

these inhuman conspirators were making their despicable plans to destroy the Hotel Ansonia. The Hotel Ansonia is located on upper Broadway at Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth streets and is one of the best family hotels in New York City. Many hundreds of our best citizens make it their permanent home. One of the festivities during this beautiful early spring when our fleet was on review, was the great Naval Ball to be held at the Hotel Ansonia. In this hotel 800 of the officers in our Navy attended that night—they were the very cream of our service and its commanders. These devilish conspirators planned to blow up that hotel for the purpose of destroying these 800 naval officers, believing by so doing to make it impossible for us to go to war! Now, mind you, friends, this was in the spring of 1915 when we were a peace-loving, neutral nation, when President Wilson was doing everything in his power to keep us out of war, and still these awful people distinctly tried to menace the lives of not only these 800, but thousands of other lives who were in this hotel!

Had not William J. Flynn, head of our great Secret Service Department, with his loyal co-workers discovered this plot and prevented it, not only would the cream of our naval officers have been killed, but hundreds—yes, thousands, of our peace-loving neighbors, good, loyal American citizens, men, women and children in that hotel and in the surrounding neighborhood would have lost their lives, which is almost too horrible to believe, but which is true.

The next plot which we expose in the June issue of "Thompson's Magazine" will be that by which these same devilish underhanded murderers planned to torpedo our fleet. Over in Staten Island they had secured possession of a tumble-down shack and manufactured a big torpedo. Now, if the plot had failed to blow up the Hotel Ansonia, it was then planned to destroy the Fleet, and they came very near succeeding in destroying the world's best battleship, the Flagship of our Atlantic Fleet.

When the Fleet was being reviewed by President Wilson in his yacht, the "Mayflower," and on the shores, by Loyal Americans, these conspirators actually succeeded in starting their torpedo through the water toward our Flagship, but American daring heroism is all that saved it.

Do you not find it almost impossible to conceive that any nation could come to such a debased condition? What an awful thing it would have been for our Flagship to have been destroyed. Picture the magnificent harbor of New York City in which the finest fleet of battleships in the world was being reviewed by our President in time of peace, and the shores lined with peace-loving, home-loving, innocent people, and then think of such a devilish plot to be executed at this time and what would have happened if this torpedo had met its marks and our Flagship destroyed!

We know what happened in the harbor of Halifax, and to have such a disaster in our harbor would really be too much for words.

The next plot exposed in the June issue will be the "Destroyer." These same devilish conspirators planned to burn large stables containing thousands of horses all ready for shipment to Europe. The fire was actually started and it was only again through the superior force of our great Secret Service Department and their loyal helpers that another dastardly outrage was foiled and similar devastation prevented. The full facts regarding these four plots, and how our great Secret Service Department worked in foiling them will be explained in full in the June issue, another one in July, another one in August and another in the September issue. You should

keep these copies as they are American history. Each one of us are making sacrifices to defeat the murderous ambition of the Kaiser and his military clique.

It took a long time for us peace-loving Americans to understand and to realize the danger we were in. We lived in peace with our neighbors; we have a frontier of over 3,000 miles north of us dividing Canada and the United States without a single fortification; we felt in complete confidence with the Canadian people, they being as home-loving and Christian-like as we; consequently, there was no need of forts. We cannot conceive that any European power would have the ambition to destroy what I call the Christianity-of-home,—some call it Democracy. This country was founded on that one great principal; our forefathers came here and settled to have freedom of home and freedom of religion. They secured our freedom for us, and from that day to this the United States of America has never gone to war for profit or for ambition. All the wars we have been forced into have been for the protection of humanity which again some people call—Democracy. We never fought before with a fiend in disguise, in the name of Kultur! We shall never quit until we have secured justice and rights for the cause which we took upon us. And reading these awful discoveries, the facts being furnished by the Chief of our United States Secret Service, I feel and I know that the day is gone by that the citizens of this country, boys and girls, men and women will stand for any fifty-fifty American citizen! And if you know of any luke-warm American it is time for him to be exposed.

In presenting in a vehicle of fiction, facts showing the secret aggression of the Imperial German Government in America the purpose is to not only disclose what the spies actually did, but what would have resulted had not their plots been detected and frustrated. Not the least interesting feature in the disclosures of facts of our great Secret Service, by their Chief, William J. Flynn, is the part a woman agent played, unearthing these inconceivably diabolical plots. A young, attractive woman was one of our Government's leading Secret Service Agents whose daring and brilliant ability helped to show up these conspiracies. These plots presented in story-form make the most thrilling fiction ever imagined. NOW, "THOMPSON'S MAGAZINE" IS THE MEDIUM IN WHICH YOU WILL FIND THE STORIES.

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